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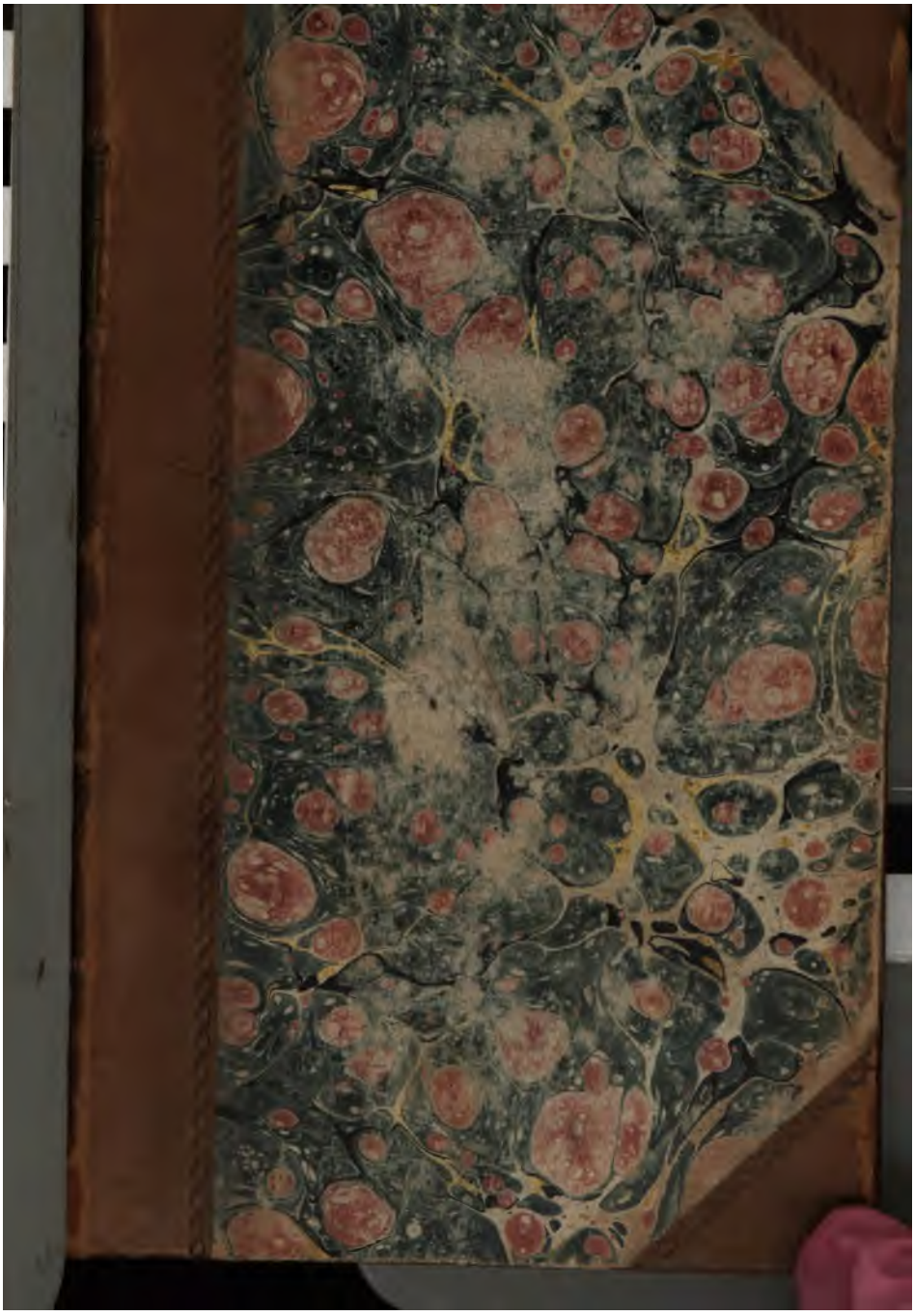

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CHARLES AND EUGENIA.

FRONTISPIECE.

J. Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard, July 1. 1826.

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CHARLES

S.H. 1827.

AND

EUGENIA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE RENNEVILLE,

BY M. G.

LONDON:

J. SOUTER, SCHOOL LIBRARY,

73, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

1826.

260.

J. AND C. ADLARD, PRINTERS,
BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

PREFACE.

ACCORDING to the French Preface, the object of this little work is to stimulate the active energies of youth, by the example of two orphans of respectable family, and born with the prospect of a good fortune, who are suddenly reduced to the necessity of exerting their talents with a view to their own support. Actuated by honour and an independent spirit, they find in their own exertions not only a resource against poverty, but the means of acquiring a reasonable competency, and the esteem and respect of society, which is benefited by their endeavours.

"Youth," observes Madame Renneville, "seldom inspires jealousy; on the contrary, almost all persons feel disposed to encourage its favourable indications, and if it be not accompanied with obstacles to its own advancement, its success is nearly certain. These obstacles are usually levity, an early propensity to gaming, a want of energy or of emulation, indocility, or culpable negligence,—sometimes errors of the understanding, and sometimes vices of the heart. Children born to independence are not necessarily more idle than others, and, if a proper path be opened to them, they will pursue it with alacrity and perseverance. It is for the latter that I chiefly write. They who sow the seeds of intellectual energy and good morals, require an adequate soil: the seed which falls upon stoney places, says the Gospel, springs up only to wither away."

In the fulfilment of this object, the English readers of the following story will find that Madame Renneville has not been alto-

gether unsuccessful. No doubt, a portion of the moral tone exhibits French taste and predilection, and a little pardonable nationality appears in a passage or two; but, upon the whole, this small work possesses a general interest which may render it acceptable every where. The outline of the characters of both the brother and sister is well conceived and pleasing. The firm and independent spirit of Charles is amusingly contrasted with the naïve simplicity and confiding artlessness of Eugenia. The point of honour maintained with the ruffians employed to assassinate them, is certainly carried to a romantic excess; but the excess is on the right side. The calm spirit of self-reliance, which the youthful adventurer displays in all his difficulties, and his ardent affection for his sister, are also interestingly pourtrayed. In a word, it has appeared to the translator a pleasing little tale, the general tendency of which is altogether pure and unobjectionable, and which may both

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CHARLES AND EUGENIA.

CHAPTER I.

M. DE ST. COLOMBE, born of a noble family, and colonel in the French army, served in several campaigns with honor, and distinguished himself particularly in the battles between the French and Austrians in 1799, in which he received many severe and dangerous wounds. After one of these engagements, there was a truce of twenty-four hours declared, to enable both sides to bury the dead, after which the battle re-commenced with renewed vigour. The Russians, the allies of the Austrians, against whom the French on this occasion fought, were four times stronger in number than their opponents, and being abundantly supplied with every warlike

equipment, became victorious. M. de St. Colombe, seeing his regiment retiring in confusion, opposed himself to its retreat, and conjured his brave comrades, by the names of honor, country, and the remembrance of their former exploits, rather to die with glory, than stain their laurels by flight. The soldiers, animated with fresh courage at the voice of their brave colonel, returned to the charge, and forgot that they were almost alone in the face of the enemy, until an order from the general checked their ardour; and St. Colombe, with reluctance, marched his little troop back to the camp. His bravery was considered a crime by those who should have followed his example; and he was accused of sacrificing the lives of his soldiers to gratify his ambition, and of treating with contempt the *orders* of the general, who had commanded him to rejoin the body of the army.

M. de St. Colombe had not received any previous *order* to that effect, but his enemies maintained the contrary, and, the affair becoming serious, it was made the subject of a Council of War. He defended himself with firmness; some of his expressions were warm; and his adversaries made use of them to aggravate his offences,

which were deemed considerable. The colonel possessed great valour, and hated injustice and intrigue: he wished only to act up to the character of a brave soldier and a man of honor: —could he ever hope for pardon?

A report was sent to the government entirely to his disadvantage; he was represented as a pragmatical insubordinate person, who censured and disobeyed the orders of his superiors; and, as if such a serious accusation was not sufficient, his unrestrained temerity was said to have cost the lives of the bravest men of his regiment. Whilst M. de St. Colombe was tried in France without a hearing, the Austrians passed the Adda, and, entering Milan, pillaged the houses of the chiefs of the Cisalpine government, and of the other partisans of liberty. The Russians, to the number of 100,000 men, hastened to their re-inforcement; and the French troops, dispirited by successive losses, destitute of provisions and ammunition, and almost wholly unprovided in a country in a state of insubordination, had to combat all the forces of the allies. Never were they in greater need of bravery and courage, and, above all, of able commanders.

Things were in this state, when a courier,

bearing dispatches, arrived at the camp, and it was soon made known that the general had received orders to send St. Colombe to France, to account for his conduct. Some decided step must be taken: the colonel, too proud to submit, knowing that he had fulfilled his duty, and that he had every thing to fear on reaching Paris, pondered on the difficult situation in which he was placed, and the same night resolved, by a prompt flight, to spare his fellow-citizens the commission of an injustice. After hesitating some time where to fix his retreat, he decided in favour of the capital of Austria. At Vienna lived a Benedictine of the name of Werneck, who had been a schoolfellow of St. Colombe at Paris: their studies being completed, the former was destined by his family for the church, the latter for a military life; but, notwithstanding the difference of their professions, they continued their friendship, and maintained a strict correspondence by letters, informing each other of all their affairs, so that, when they met, there was nothing to impart except the event which re-united them. Father Werneck, a learned man, of the first order, was also in favour with the emperor, to whom he was frequently deputed

on the business of his convent; and St. Colombe, knowing his influence, made his determination, and, disguising himself as a peasant, commenced his journey. He crossed part of Italy without accident or recognition; but, arriving on the frontiers of Germany, he had to encounter a jealous examination, but at length, by patience and courage, he surmounted all obstacles, and arrived at Vienna, and at Werneck's convent.

The good father was extremely surprised to see St. Colombe, and joyfully embraced him, thanking the happy chance which again united them; the colonel returned his salutations, but without partaking in his joy. His friend remarking his melancholy, enquired the cause, and learning the reason of his flight, assured him of the protection of the emperor, and invited him to remain a short time at the convent to recover from his fatigues. The next day he informed the emperor of the colonel's arrival, and obtained permission for him to fix his residence in the empire. St. Colombe, in consequence, remained a month with Werneck, and then took an humble apartment at an inn at Schoenbrunn.

Being relieved from all fears for himself, St. Colombe next turned his thoughts towards his

family. What melancholy reflections assailed him in his solitude! On joining the army, he had left at Paris a young and beautiful wife and two children: the desperate step which he had taken, and which his imprudent frankness had rendered necessary, separated him from those beloved objects perhaps for ever. He had saved his life, indeed, but was that life worth preserving at the expence of happiness? Deprived of every cheering prospect, he knew not whether to accuse or be grateful to the fate which had protected him. These desponding ideas occasionally gave way to hopes, which held out some distinct glimmerings of happiness, and allayed his feverish anxiety. But these quickly gave way again when he reflected upon the probable consequences of his desertion to his family, and his fears were, alas! but too well founded.

The commander-in-chief of the army in Italy having made his report to the Directory, St. Colombe was placed in the list of emigrants, and his property confiscated. His wife did not learn the melancholy news until some time after; all her letters addressed to the camp remained unanswered; her husband, fearing to compromise her, did not inform her of this reverse of fortune;

and her friends, being unwilling to afflict her, were silent; so that she knew not her misfortune until she came to settle with her tenants, who mournfully told her that her husband's estates belonged to the government, and that they could no longer pay her the smallest sum. Madame de St. Colombe was equally surprised and grieved at a severity, of the cause of which she was ignorant; but circumstances soon informed her of the offence which had subjected the colonel to so rigorous a punishment. She loved him too well to blame him openly; but, in her grief, she could not help thinking, that, in following the first impulse of his indignation, St. Colombe had not duly considered all the consequences.

She was for a long time doubtful how to act. Prudence bade her remain in Paris, to preserve her own fortune to her children; conjugal tenderness prompted her to join her husband. He was unfortunate! she would have given worlds to know St. Colombe's wishes, that she might conform to them; but, being unable to write to him, she consulted her nearest relations, who, approving of the dictates of her heart, advised her to go into Germany, and inspired her with a

hope that the state of affairs would change, and that she would soon be enabled to return to France. Without further hesitation, she hastened to sell her jewels, plate, and furniture, obtained what other money she could, and then, quitting France, with her children, took the road to Germany, almost as contented as if she had been on her way to fortune and happiness.

M. de St. Colombe was extremely sensible to this proof of his amiable wife's attachment, and the pleasure of seeing her almost made him forget the price at which he enjoyed it. The moment of excitement, however, lasted but a short time; reflection soon came to embitter its sweetness; and, beholding himself without resources, with his wife and family in a strange land, he sincerely repented abandoning his country.

They passed two years in Germany without experiencing any other inconvenience than that of being at a distance from their native land; but the ignorance in which they lived as to the progress of the war, and the fate of his fellow-soldiers, rendered the colonel sad and melancholy. His thoughts were incessantly turned towards his country, that beautiful France which

he idolised; he earnestly wished to recover his fortune, and he most ardently desired to revisit the land of his birth. His situation, in other respects, was not painful; order and economy prevailed in his little household, and prevented the intrusion of want; the virtues of his wife, and beauty of his children, embellished his retreat, and the society of father Werneck, that valued friend, whose amiable disposition and excellent heart were joined to the most profound and various learning, charmed his leisure hours, and often reconciled him with his fate. He was, besides, free from all apprehensions; the emperor having given his word for his safety, the enemies of St. Colombe would have vainly endeavoured to reclaim him.

In 1802, the colonel received a letter from France from his brother, and this long looked-for happiness produced in him so lively an emotion, that it was some minutes before he could muster courage to break the seal and read it. His brother informed him that an amnesty had been granted in favour of the emigrants, with some exceptions, which would not affect him, and begged that he would return to France as soon as possible. The colonel sighed,—he could

not profit by the occasion: Madame de St. Colombe, heart-stricken at the flight of her husband, had been languishing ever since she came to Germany, and her declining health daily caused him the most acute anxiety. Judge what must have been his feelings in replying to his brother that the letter came too late—that the benefit of the amnesty only aggravated, instead of allaying, his misfortunes; in short, that his wife was dying. These distressing reflections took such an effect upon the colonel, that he fell ill, and was but just recovering, when the death of Madame de St. Colombe again endangered his life.

Deprived of her whose affection and amiableness had softened the rigour of his exile, St. Colombe remained in Germany, with two young children, the objects of his tenderest solicitude. What might be *their* lot? Could he flatter himself with the hope of being able to restore them to their country and family, or of giving them the rank and fortune to which their birth entitled them? Alas! no: a fatal presentiment warned him that he should never experience that felicity. When these melancholy thoughts took possession of his mind, he fled from his children; their innocent

caresses pierced his heart; and often, when pressing them in his arms, he would suddenly repulse them, to conceal his tears.

Peace being declared between Austria and France, correspondence was again free, and St. Colombe received letters from his friends, again pressing his return, to which, in answer, he pleaded his ill health, waiting only its re-establishment to commence his journey. There was, however, another consideration, which his pride would not permit him to acknowledge—the expence would be great, and the colonel was not rich. He had been two years at Schoenbrunn, and the illness of Madame de St. Colombe had been very expensive, so that, in order to procure money for the journey, he was obliged to employ himself usefully. With this view, and to divert his thoughts from his misfortunes, he begged his friend, father Werneck, to procure for him some pupils in mathematics, and the priest, who was well known and respected, soon obtained him a sufficient number. If the colonel's situation was not happy, it was at least bearable, until he experienced another privation in the loss of him, whose friendship and advice had supported his drooping spirits; father Werneck

being sent to Rome by his superior on the affairs of the convent. St. Colombe, suffering in mind and body, was much affected by this separation, and, in bidding his friend adieu, pressed his hand and embraced him fervently, as if sensible that it was for the last time.

CHAPTER II.

M. DE ST. COLOMBE had witnessed the death of his beloved wife, he was far from his family and his country, and deprived of his only friend, but he had still much consolation left him in his two amiable children, for whose sakes alone he was anxious to preserve his life. We shall now take a view of their conduct, and see if, by their filial affection and goodness, they are likely to supply to their father the place of their valued mother.

Charles, now in his tenth year, was tall and robust, and already gave fair promise of estimable qualities; he loved his father, and proved it by his obedience. Eugenia, younger than Charles by four years, had all the sweetness of disposition desirable in a child of her age; her pretty figure and varying physiognomy at once indicated the goodness of her heart, and the vivacity of her disposition: she loved her brother much, and feared him more. Besides being older, Charles

possessed the advantage of a firm character, which intimidated her. When Master Charles thought himself in the right, he yielded to his sister only because he loved her, which he was always careful to impress upon her recollection; but, on the contrary, when he was wrong, he always acknowledged it with frankness. To his father he was submissive and respectful, and was never guilty of any thing which bore the slightest affinity to deceit. Violent and giddy, it often happened that he broke some article of furniture, or committed some other offence of a similar nature, but he never failed to confess it ingenuously, and was miserable if another person was suspected of a fault of which he was guilty. M. de St. Colombe duly appreciated this conduct in his son; it was a happy presage of the future: the child who adheres to truth enters into a tacit engagement with himself never to commit a fault which he cannot bring himself to confess.

In his happier moods the colonel regarded the amiable qualities of his children with the affection of a father. In amusing himself by developing their happy dispositions, he became their instructor; and, under the tuition of such a master, the progress of the pupils surpassed his most

sanguine expectations. At the age of ten years and a few months, Charles wrote Latin exercises and translated Phædrus; he knew the rudiments of the French language, worked arithmetical problems, and was well acquainted with the divisions of the globe, the empires, kingdoms, and the principal towns and rivers in the four quarters of the world. He knew by heart the finest passages of Sacred History, and of the History of France, and all the ancient Mythology. Eugenia read correctly, wrote well for her age, her memory was excellent, and her father stored it with the finest verses of the French poets, which she repeated with much feeling and taste. We need only add, to complete their characters, that they both possessed great candour and docility, with affable and affectionate manners.

The more promising the hopes excited by his children, the more the colonel shuddered at the fate to which they were destined; instead of improving, his health declined daily, and if he remained longer in Germany, he could only leave them an honourable name, which would render their situation still more distressing. He trembled at the idea of their dragging on their existence in poverty,—that frightful state which

do not be discouraged, my child; you have good health, and God will be your protector. Be sober and industrious; never receive the bread of charity while you have health and power to earn your livelihood. Attach no discredit to mechanical labours, however humble they may appear to the multitude; nothing is truly despicable but vice. An honest man honours his profession, whatever it may be; while the opulent nobleman, who is false, cowardly, or treacherous, cannot obtain the esteem of the worthy. Endeavour, by observation and reflection, to acquire wisdom as a guide; it is more valuable than the most dazzling wit. Remember that vanity bespeaks folly, and is the source of a multitude of errors; speak little with strangers, but listen much; it is the way to gain information. Do not give your confidence lightly, but be sure, so far as your judgment will inform you, to place it in those who perform good actions, not in makers of fine speeches. Always reflect before you act; and if you are about to say or do any thing, the propriety of which is doubtful, refrain from it altogether. Render yourself useful in order to live, and sociable, that you may live agreeably; for every one should perform his part

in society, that he may have a claim to its advantages. The fear of God will prevent your doing evil in secret, for he sees every thing; and purity of heart he contemplates with approbation. The laws of honour strictly observed will exalt you in the eyes of men, and in your own estimation; but, once arrived at this height, be careful how you descend from it; you must learn to die as well as to live honourably. Love your country more than yourself; love it above every thing but honour; render yourself independent by labour, and rich by sobriety; it is well to have a right to the favours of fortune, without standing in need of them.—As for you, Eugenia, what can I say to you? you are too young to understand me. Listen always to your brother's instructions; never quit him unless absolute necessity demands it. Be to others as you have always been to me—mild and forbearing. Do not forget me, my beloved child: when you think of me, you will remember my counsels, and they will be serviceable to you."

This advice was given by M. de St. Colombe to his children, at intervals; but he had also committed it to paper, and he now delivered it to Charles, together with the address of his brother,

M. de Frèze, field-marshal of France, and the portraits of himself and his beloved wife. In giving to his children the portfolio containing these testimonies of his affection, the colonel said to them, "I hope, my dear children, that you will soon be able to join your uncle; he loves me, and he is rich: when you are with him you will have no more unhappiness. What do I say? Alas! in these times, who can flatter himself with such a hope?" Addressing his son, he continued: "Listen to me with attention. My dear Charles, here is a letter for father Werneck; you must give it yourself to the superior of his convent; I recommend you to the care of this good man; and I hope, on his return, he will send you to France. In the mean time, remain both of you with M. Melck, our host; his family seem comfortable, and I think they are honest: I shall entrust to his care, in paper and gold, three thousand francs; these, joined to the sale of my furniture, wardrobe, and jewels, will defray the expences of your journey, and what you may incur before your departure."

The two children, kneeling by their father's bed-side, listened to him in mournful silence.

Eugenia wept; Charles did not weep, but he was as pale as death, and suffered acutely. Since the colonel's illness, Eugenia had never sought any amusement; Charles had not even smiled, and never went abroad except in obedience to his father's request, who feared that the air of his sick room might be injurious to the health of his children. In these short walks, Charles was constantly accompanied by his sister, and the subject of their conversation was always the alarming illness of their beloved father.

"Papa is very ill," said Charles; "pray, Eugenia, walk softly into his room, and speak low when you want any thing from nurse."

"Yes, brother," answered Eugenia; "but," added she, after a pause, "does papa complain of me? I imitate you as much as I can; I open and shut the door without making any noise, and I never open the curtains to look out at the window, because you told me the light disturbed papa."

"You are a good little girl:" said Charles, pressing her hand; and thus the youthful brother and sister, wholly occupied with their father, employed their short absences from his

chamber: forgetting the amusements natural to their age, they encouraged each other in the performance of their duty. Ah, how easy would these duties have appeared to them, with what pleasure would they have multiplied them, if, by so doing, they could have preserved his life. But, alas! this was not permitted. God, who, in his unsearchable wisdom, thought proper to afflict them, called him hence.

The disease made rapid strides; all the symptoms of approaching dissolution appeared; and St. Colombe, who overheard his physician inform the nurse that he could not survive the day, made use of this information to the advantage of his children. He sent for M. and Mad. Melck; the persons with whom he lodged; and, giving a purse and portfolio into the hands of the former, he said, in a weak voice, "M. Melck, here are 600 francs in gold, and two checks, which I entrust to your care, and you will find 500 francs more in my scrutoire. This is all the money which I have to leave for my poor children. Do not incur unnecessary expences, I beseech you, upon my funeral; what you expend in pomp will be taken from my poor orphans. When I am no more, fail not to write immediately

to my brother; Charles has his address; and, if any obstacle should prevent his sending for the children, the sum which I leave in your hands will enable you to wait some time; for the rest I confide to your honour. Pardon me, M. Melck," said the colonel, "if I am trespassing upon your time, but you will compassionate an exile and two helpless orphans, who claim your protection."

St. Colombe could say no more: a fainting-fit prevented his proceeding. The nurse gave him some drops; but, when he revived, Melck and his wife had quitted the apartment.

The colonel sent for his children, who were overwhelmed with grief when they were apprized that this would be the last interview they would have with their beloved father. The sick man was supported in bed by pillows: "Approach, my children," said he: they fell on their knees at his bed-side; Eugenia took one of her father's hands, and bathed it in her tears; Charles was almost stifled with emotion. After a pause of some moments, during which M. de St. Colombe mournfully regarded these interesting objects of his tenderest love and anxiety, he collected his remaining strength, and, placing

his hand upon their heads, he said, "Receive, my beloved children, the reward of your filial and dutiful affection; receive my paternal blessing, far from my country and family: it is all I have to bequeath to you; I pray the Almighty to confirm it, and to shed his blessings upon you. God, my children, is the father of the fatherless; walk in the paths of virtue, and he will not abandon you." On pronouncing these words, St. Colombe raised his eyes to heaven, and seemed to invoke the Supreme Being for his dear children. Suddenly his colour changed, a sweet serenity took possession of his countenance; doubtless his prayers were accepted: he cast a last look on his children, and expired.

The poor little orphans remained on their knees, earnestly waiting for the sound of their beloved father's voice. When the nurse told them that he had ceased to exist, they made the air resound with their lamentations, and force was required to remove them from his remains; Eugenia repeatedly fainted, and for some days Charles refused every kind of nourishment. His sister, being a little recovered, was the only person who could induce him to take any thing.

"Brother," said she, "if you die, too, what is to become of me?" At these words, Charles raised his head, as if awakened from a dream, and in a firm voice answered:

"You are right, Eugenia; I ought to live to protect you; it is the will of my father."

From that moment he mastered his grief, and proved himself the worthy son of his deceased father.

CHAPTER IV.

When M. de St. Colombe came to Schoenbrunn, his host put him into a furnished apartment. On the arrival of his family, the colonel returned this old furniture to Melck, and purchased new from Vienna; but, after the decease of St. Colombe, the former pretended that the new furniture was his, and took possession of it. He also appropriated to himself the clothes, watches, jewels, and other effects of the colonel and his lady, together with the money and bills which were entrusted to his care for the expences and support of the children; he even took the children's clothes, leaving them only what fear obliged him. Eugenia was too young to observe this vile conduct; but Charles perceived that their little wardrobe, with all his father's property, was possessed by the Melck family, whose conduct in no respect agreed with the principles of honesty which had been instilled into his mind: he was, however, prudent enough

to be silent; but henceforth he felt an invincible repugnance to these dishonest persons.

Of all St. Colombe's property, his books least tempted the innkeeper. Charles, therefore, obtained them without much difficulty, and carried them off to a small bare closet, where they had placed him a wretched bed: his sister slept with Melck's daughter, Josephine, who was about her own age.

It may easily be imagined that the honest Melck did not write to the colonel's brother; the fate of the children gave him little concern; besides, M. de Frèze must necessarily have made inquiries which would have been very embarrassing to him. Charles and his sister remained two months with their host, without his making the least exertion for them; they partook of the coarse food of the family, but their pursuits, whether good or evil, gave him no sort of uneasiness; they were entirely left to themselves: Charles dressed his sister, and bestowed as much care upon her as a tender mother would have done, and he also paid proper attention to his own appearance. Every day he took his Latin Dictionary and Exercises, with a book for Eugenia, and, tying them together, passed the cord round

his neck, and hand in hand the orphans visited their father's grave. There, both kneeling, they prayed fervently; and Charles, anxious to pursue that course which he knew to be the most approved by his father when he was living, heard his sister read, and made her learn a portion of geography and history; after which he attended to his own education. One day, two young peasants of Schoenbrunn, who had often seen these poor orphans at the grave of their father, wishing to amuse themselves and frighten the children, strode up to them, and attempted to seize their books. Charles, perceiving their intention, opposed them courageously; he endeavoured to dissuade them, saying, "Why do you wish to deprive us of our books? they will be useless to you; you cannot understand them; leave me in possession of them, and, if you want money, I will give you all I have in my purse." "We dont want your money," said they; "we came to carry off this little girl," making towards her. "My sister!" said Charles, "we shall see that." He took up a stone, and, placing himself before Eugenia to guard her, called out to them to advance if they dared. The men, to teaze him, did advance, and Charles,

exasperated, threw at them the stone with which he had provided himself, and followed it with a second and a third: the blows were so violent, and succeeded each other so rapidly, that the peasants with difficulty escaped. However, the battle was not equal; and they might have conquered him immediately, if they had chosen; but, surprised and pleased at his courage, they told him, with a laugh, that they only intended the whole as a joke, and peace was restored. This little adventure related in the village by the aggressors, was of advantage to Charles; he was regarded with interest by the young men, and those of his own age dared not molest him.

CHAPTER V.

CHARLES, never forgetting the wishes and commands of his beloved father, endeavoured to act conformably to his counsels, in every respect, as much as though he were still present; he was indefatigable in his application, and, consequently, made a rapid progress in his education. Eugenia sometimes complained of this incessant study, which often deprived her of her playfellow; but Charles mildly justified himself, and reasoned with her: "My dear sister," said he, "I must strive to become learned, in order that I may be enabled to obtain our future subsistence. Papa has often told us that, in the world, ignorant and idle men are despised and avoided by all good persons; that frequently, after passing an useless and miserable life, they finally become victims to their early bad habits, and die in want and wretchedness. For your sake and my own, Eugenia, I must, therefore, be industrious; besides, when I grow up, I hope I shall

travel. If I visit Italy, the country of the fine arts, knowing Latin, I shall soon learn Italian, which language is derived from it; and, even if I should not go there, you know that Latin is very commonly spoken in Germany, and in Russia."

"But, brother, we shall first go to France to find my uncle; is it necessary to know Latin at Paris too?"

"Certainly, I ought to be acquainted with it; not perhaps to make myself understood, but in order that I may obtain good employment, or to write works, for which I shall get a great deal of money."

"Is it far from here to Paris, Charles?"

"About 250 leagues, I think."

"That's a long way; though I don't rightly know what a league is."

"I will explain it to you: the common league of France contains 2,282 fathoms."

"What is a fathom?"

"It is a measure of six feet; a foot contains twelve inches; and an inch three barleycorns."

"I wish, Charles, as you are so learned, that you could tell me what papa meant, when he compared the earth to a globe."

"A globe is a round body, like a ball; and the earth is, in truth, a great ball, on which are towns, forests, mountains, and seas; the towns are inhabited by men, the forests by animals, and the seas by fishes."

"Did you say, Charles, that the world is round? it seems to me to be flat."

"But then, my dear little sister, this great ball is 360 degrees, or 24,907 miles in circumference, or round: suppose you were to walk upon a mound of earth only one league round, you would still walk as easily as though you were in a garden; judge, then, whether you can perceive the roundness of the earth."

"It is the shape of an orange, then?"

"Precisely: when you see a fly creeping upon an orange, or any other ball, you may imagine a person walking upon the earth."

"Is not the earth hollow?"

"No, it is massive, and formed of solid matter, and contains mines, springs, and volcanos."

"But what does it rest upon?"

"Upon nothing: it floats in the atmosphere."

"What is the atmosphere?"

"Read the explanation in your Geography." Charles took the book, and read—

"The atmosphere is that volume of air extending round the earth; its substance is not every where the same; it is much lighter as it is farther from us; the air on high mountains is much rarer than on the plains, and it is with difficulty that people can breathe there; it is in the atmosphere that clouds are formed, rain, snow, hail, thunder, and meteors."

"Is not the atmosphere the sky?"

"No; that which is called the sky, or firmament, is beyond the atmosphere, and is that extent of fine blue, formed of pure air, in which the heavenly bodies are placed,—the sun, moon, and stars."

"I know very well, brother, that the sun lights us by day, and the moon by night."

"Yes, but you do not know the reason of it: the earth turns on its axis in four-and-twenty hours, and that makes day and night."

"I don't understand you, Charles."

"Suppose you hold an orange with a bodkin run through it before a candle: the bodkin is the axis, and, as you turn the orange round, one half of it will be in the light, and the other in

the shade; it is the same with the earth, which, turning in four-and-twenty hours on its axis, gives us day and night."

"How learned you are, Charles!"

"Yes, Eugenia, in comparison with you at present; but, in four years' time, my great knowledge will, I hope, my dear sister, appear very trifling to you."

CHAPTER VI.

As we have already said that Charles and Eugenia were not under the immediate inspection of any one, it was easy for them to quit the innkeeper's house for whole days without any enquiry being made as to how they passed their time, or where they went to. Charles, therefore, availed himself of this liberty to visit the Benedictine monastery, and delivered the letter which his father had left in his charge for father Werneck. Melck, who pretended that he had written to M. de Frèze, began to complain at receiving no answer, saying, that the two children were heavy burdens upon him, that he could not take the bread from his own children to give to strangers, and so forth. These speeches, frequently uttered before Charles, distressed him much; but what could he do? he was not strong enough to dig, he knew no trade, and, even if he could have made himself useful,

what was to become of Eugenia, then only seven years old? Charles wanted advice, but he distrusted Melck; he, therefore, took his sister with him, and went to the pastor of Schoenbrunn for his. M. Quedelin proposed to place him in the parish school, but Charles, thanking him, answered, that he could not consent to receive charity unless he was incapable of being made useful. This little emotion of pride did not displease the pastor, who smiled, and, patting him on the cheek, asked him if he should like to serve the mass? "Oh yes, sir," answered Charles and Eugenia together. The good ecclesiastic tried to persuade the former to separate from Eugenia, but the little boy gravely shook his head, and told him that his father had charged him when on his death-bed, and almost with his last breath, to protect his sister, and that nothing should induce him to quit her. M. Quedelin soon after dismissed them, but, wishing to be serviceable to them, desired them to come to him again, and that he would endeavour to assist them. The news of their visit to the pastor was soon spread over the place, and the same evening the village school-master went to Melck's inn, and offered to take Charles

to assist in his school in teaching the younger scholars to read; he added, that he would support and take good care of him. The dishonest guardian, quite indifferent as to the welfare of his young charges, and glad at any rate to be rid of the expence of their maintenance, gave a ready assent to the proposal. "You can take him immediately," answered he; "he has been quite long enough on my hands." Reich asked Charles if he was willing to come and live with him.

"Yes," replied he; "but my sister must come with me." Reich hesitated; he had not calculated upon this double increase of expence, and he was rather miserly; however, after a little reflection, and casting his eyes upon the cabbages in his garden, he consented to take them both. Their clothes were soon packed up, and an hour after they were at home in the schoolmaster's house.

Meanwhile Lucy, Reich's wife, learning the object of her husband's visit to the inn, was much displeased, and began to express her dissatisfaction.

"As to the boy," said she, "it is all very well; he is a clever lad, and will be very useful to us; but, his sister indeed, what are we to do with

her? she'll do nothing but play from morning till night; and then she's a lady, too: a pretty thing, truly, we must support her, and wait upon her, and Miss, I suppose, will look down upon us and despise us, as all her class do. I see her already with her contemptuous pride, hardly ever condescending to speak a civil word to us."

"Do you know her?" asked the neighbour to whom Lucy spoke.

"I know her by sight only," answered she, "and indeed I cannot say good or bad of her; but don't I know what all the daughters of these great folks are? they always consider a poor person quite beneath their notice: a fine affair Philip has made of it, truly; but I can tell Miss Eugenia that if she's as proud, impertinent, and idle, as most of her rank are, she'll not stay long here."

As she pronounced these words her husband arrived, accompanied by the two children: Charles took off his hat, and bowed to Lucy; then frankly embracing her, "Mrs. Reich," said he, "I put Eugenia under your protection: be a mother to her, and I will endeavour to prove my gratitude by making myself as useful as I can to Mr. Reich." Eugenia, approaching in

her turn, curtsied, and, throwing her little arms affectionately round the schoolmistress, kissed her repeatedly. Lucy, astonished, involuntarily pressed her to her bosom; she even detected a tear in her eye; and, embracing the little girl, "Yes, my dear," said she, "I will be a mother to you; I am sure I cannot find in my heart to ill treat you;" then, calling her own children, she told them she had a brother and sister to introduce to them. Eugenia kissed the little girls; and Charles, shaking hands with them all, accompanied them into the garden to play, with as much familiarity as though they had been acquainted all their lives.

That our happiness, in a great measure, depends upon ourselves, Eugenia was an example. Madame Reich, so prejudiced against rank, and jealous of the assumed superiority which she had anticipated in the deportment of this well-born child, had previously determined to inflict all sorts of mortifications upon her; but she was completely disarmed of these hostile intentions by Eugenia's sweetness of disposition, affability, and docility, which, even if they had been unaccompanied by personal beauty, would at any time have gained her admiration. We soon be-

come accustomed to external graces; but solid qualities alone attach us. Eugenia's conduct to Mrs. Reich was exactly what it ought to be; that which in most persons would have been the result of deep reflection was natural to her; her obedience seemed owing more to the desire of pleasing than to a feeling of submission. She did quickly and cheerfully whatever she was bid; it was not necessary to repeat to her the same thing two or three times over; and she never made any pretence to evade the orders given to her, or answered sharply when she was spoken to. Eugenia was not one of those troublesome children for whom we are always in fear: if she went to pay a visit, she saluted the company politely, and quietly withdrew to her seat; she never obtruded herself rudely upon the notice of any one, but, when called upon, always acquitted herself to the satisfaction of all, and, being a great favourite, she was generally noticed. She never lolled against the person to whom she was speaking, and always avoided passing and repassing before persons, which she knew to be very vulgar and ill-bred. When seated, she did not wriggle upon her chair, but sat properly, with her feet firm upon the ground, not twisted round

each other, or treading upon her neighbour's toes. She kept silence until she was spoken to; and when asked a question, answered politely, and in few words, without boldness, but with proper confidence. She was never known to interrupt others in order that she might be heard, or to contradict or confirm any thing which was said by her superiors, either in age or situation. To contradict is an intolerable rudeness, a proof of the worst education: Eugenia was not capable of such indecorum; she did not ask questions of strangers for fear of being indiscreet; and she never repeated any thing that she heard. This rare prudence gained her the esteem of all who knew her; she was regarded with benevolence, and considered as part of their family by the good people who had received her among them. Far removed from the ceremonies and customs of the gay world, Eugenia's politeness was natural, and distinguished from the peasants who surrounded her, without making her less simple, lively, or affable: she played freely with the girls of her own age, and appeared to have no remembrance of her former opulence; her new friends, although meanly and scantily clad, were as much the objects of her attention

as if they were princesses; and it was even noticed that the more unfortunate her playfellow was, the more kind and affectionate she behaved to her. This was not the effect of reasoning; it was the instinct of a good heart: this good little girl feared that by attending less to the more unfortunate she might humiliate and affect her little friends. By this amiable character Eugenia gained the love of the village; the peasants, seeing her playing with their ragged children, remarked to each other: "Would any one guess that to be Mademoiselle de St. Colombe? what an amiable little girl she is! I am sure if ever we can serve her, I hope she will come to us: how could any one be unkind to such a sweet child?" A very short time elapsed before the only difference which Madame Reich felt in her love for her own children and Eugenia was, that her affection towards the latter was accompanied by a certain involuntary deference which she was at no pains to suppress; and indeed she was not backward in acknowledging that superiority of birth, when accompanied by good breeding and judicious education, was rather to be desired than decried. She frequently required her assistance in the little

household affairs, which requests Eugenia always complied with willingly; and Lucy never ceased praising her.

"I can scarcely forgive myself," said she one day to the neighbour to whom she had expressed so much repugnance at receiving a lady into her house: "I am ashamed of having ever doubted Eugenia; not only is she free from the faults which I feared, but I can even say that she is more useful than most girls of her age born in humble life; I know many, with neither birth nor fortune, who, puffed up with vanity, believe that they compromise their dignity if they do for their mothers even a thousandth part of what Mademoiselle de St. Colombe does for me." "But neighbour," added Lucy, "the gospel tells us, that whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted: Eugenia loses nothing by her modesty; by her amiable conduct she obliges me to remember who she is; and, if she acted otherwise, I certainly should take pleasure in mortifying her."

The schoolmaster, though not very discerning, soon perceived that Charles knew much more than he did; and he congratulated himself upon having such an able assistant. He thought that, after

all, he had not made a bad bargain by taking the orphans into his house: few misers view things so justly. M. Quedelin also employed Charles to serve the mass, and, being a handsome boy, on solemn festivals he was dressed as a chorister, in which new situation he acquitted himself very well.

Things were in this state, when a letter arrived from father Werneck, recommending the children of his deceased friend to the prior of his convent, desiring him to place them in a comfortable asylum until his return, which was uncertain. The prior had an interview with the pastor of Schoenbrunn, who took upon himself to arrange with Reich as to what was necessary for Charles, and the prior interfered no further.

M. Quedelin respected father Werneck as much for his profound learning as on account of the favour which he enjoyed with the superior; he, therefore, proposed to Charles that he should come to him every morning at six o'clock to receive instructions in Greek and Latin. Charles was not one of those children who prefer idleness to study; he had good sense, and he reflected that his prospects of fortune were very precarious; he felt that to make his way in the

world, and to do honour to his family, he had no resource but his talents; therefore, accepting the pastor's offer with gratitude, he went the next morning at the appointed hour, and took his first lessons. An ordinary child would have found the first rudiments of the Greek very dry; but Charles, who had received some notion of it from his father, devoted himself so closely, that he very soon began to reap the fruits of his labour.

These frequent visits were serviceable in more ways than one to Charles: he was in great favour with M. Quedelin, and some of his artless frank answers led the honest pastor to suspect that these poor orphans had been made the dupes of a knave, and he was soon convinced that this had been the case. Melck had for a long time desired to obtain a piece of land adjoining to his garden, which he always regretted that his poverty would not enable him to purchase; this purchase, however, had been recently made by him, to the great astonishment of his neighbours. His crime remained unpunished; but, if the guilty find means to elude the justice of men, they never escape that of God. This circumstance of the land, which confirmed M. Quede-

lin's suspicious, inspired him with a lively interest for the young Charles, and he would have written to M. de Frèze, but his address remained in Melck's hands, who said that he had lost it; so that, notwithstanding his desire of being further useful, he was obliged to await the return of father Werneck.

The good pastor often conversed with Charles, who, finding him very superior to the schoolmaster, every day became more familiar, and spake to him with that frankness which he had denied himself since his father's death. One day, when he had been relating the afflicting death of St. Colombe, and its melancholy consequences, he concluded with a sigh, "My father could leave us no inheritance but his paternal blessing."

"That is a great thing, my son," answered M. Quedelin; "in giving you *his* blessing, your father invoked upon you that of the Most High, the source of all good; you are under the immediate protection of God, and let this consoling idea sustain your courage in the troubles which await you, for you cannot be more free from trouble than your fellow-creatures. Remember that a hair of your head cannot fall unless permitted

by your heavenly Father; place your confidence in Him who can do all things; walk with a firm step in the right path; and your paternal blessing will secure you from all harm."

M. Quedelin, surprised and pleased at Charles's application and quickness, and valuing his estimable character, formed the design of bringing him up to the ecclesiastical profession, by which he thought to serve the church and his young friend at the same time. He had no doubt of the concurrence of father Werneck, and therefore redoubled his instructions, and kept Charles with him whenever M. Reich could spare him. The young St. Colombe profited by the pastor's benevolence; by his conversation his mind was instructed and formed; and the good man loved him as he would have loved a son. Eugenia, the most assiduous of Charles's pupils, also made very satisfactory improvement in her education. The Reichs, simple as nature, knew vice only by name; their virtues were devoid of ornament, but they were sincere; and their calm days, occupied by labour, only gave them peaceable nights; Eugenia, whom in their hearts they distinguished not from their own children, gratefully paid them the same respect and obe-

dience as if she had really been so. Though she was very young, their unsophisticated manners pleased her, and she sincerely returned their affection. Charles and Eugenia were happy in their misfortunes, for conceit, the parent of pride, prejudice, and vanity, was unknown to them.

Two years thus passed away, to the satisfaction of all; and a letter from Rome added hope to their present advantages. The speedy return of father Werneck, besides delighting his friends, was to decide the fate of the orphans. Deceitful fortune, which smiles upon while it wounds us! An extraordinary and quite unlooked-for event suddenly destroyed this prospect of happiness. Charles and Eugenia were deprived of friends whom they had acquired by their good conduct: they were thrown alone into the severest trials, their only pride being the recollection of the good examples they had witnessed, and the wise counsels which they had received.

CHAPTER VII.

On Melck's purchase of the land before mentioned, he received several hints far from flattering to him, which, however, he pretended not to understand, and changed the subject, appearing to take no interest in affairs which did not concern him. At length, some words spoken to him very plainly by the pastor gave him to understand that Charles, although a child, was aware of his treachery, and knew more of his father's affairs than he had any idea. The innkeeper had sufficient sense to keep silence: no proofs could be furnished against him; at least, he flattered himself so; and he was not to be frightened by the prattling of a child. Whilst father Werneck was at Rome, he let these insinuations pass without notice; but, when he learned that the monk was about to return, he trembled. He knew that the father, intimately connected with the late M. de St. Colombe, would of course make enquiries relative to every

occurrence which had preceded and followed his death; he would learn in the village, and from the pastor, all the charges against himself, which Charles would confirm; father Werneck, would arrest him, and he, being unable to justify himself, would be looked upon as a robber, and punished accordingly. To prevent this evil, he sought to obviate it by plunging still deeper in sin: one crime more would cost him nothing, and would free him from the dread of a discovery.

One evening, Charles, as was usual with him, took Eugenia for a walk, and, as they were returning home, they saw two men in a chaise cart driving towards them; devoid of fear or suspicion, they ran to meet them, but no sooner were they within their reach than the men seized them, forced them into the cart, and, notwithstanding their cries, drove off at a furious rate; they travelled thus all night and the following day, when the horses needed rest, they chose the most solitary places; and, if they passed through any towns or villages, they were carefully concealed. The poor children were in great distress; in vain did they endeavour to account for the violence exercised towards them: what had they done? what was required of

them? where were they going? who were the men that carried them away with so much barbarity? All their conjectures were fruitless; and, after much weeping, they at length became more calm, and appeared resigned to their fate. Their conductors were careful to converse always in a low tone; but once Charles and Eugenia overheard part of a dialogue which passed between them. "Well, I suppose we must earn the money which is promised to us," said one; "what shall we do with these children?" "Kill them to be sure," answered his comrade; "they'll then be quite out of the way." "No, no," said the first; "it will be better to take them to the frontiers of Turkey; they'll be very clever if they ever return." They resumed their whisper, and the children heard no more. It may, however, be imagined that what they had heard caused them great uneasiness and terror: Eugenia, half dead with fright, shed a torrent of tears; Charles tried every means of escape, but finding them abortive, resolved to defend his sister and himself to the last extremity.

On the second day, towards evening, the ruffians stopped in a wood near the Danube; they left the cart and horses at the entrance,

and taking the children, went to the river, took a boat, and rowed it to the island of Schut, formed in the Danube by the confluence of the Raab and the Vag. They then conducted their victims to a noisome filthy marsh, in the midst of a thick and dreary forest, and one of the men, in a gruff voice, ordered Charles to strip himself: Charles regarded him fiercely, and recoiled two or three steps; he was preparing to resist, when, casting his eyes upon Eugenia, who was on her knees before the monster, he ran to her, and pressed her in his arms.

"Oh, pray," cried he, "have pity on *her*: if you must have blood, take my life, but spare my poor little sister!" and he bathed her in his tears. The ruffians could not behold these touching proofs of affection without emotion; but, remarking that the day was closing fast, they checked their sensibility, and hastened to accomplish their mission. One of them took Charles, and the other Eugenia, and began to undress them; Charles, who was very strong, gave them some trouble, by trying to escape to the assistance of his sister; the man who held him at length told him that if he advanced a step further he would instantly murder her, and

at the same moment flashed the murderous weapon in his eyes. At this threat Charles turned pale as death, groaned heavily, and hiding his face, suffered the men to strip and even to bind him to a tree; but, on seeing them about to treat his sister in the same barbarous manner, he could contain himself no longer, but cried out piteously "Good heavens! you are hurting her! see, she bleeds! oh, have mercy on my sister!" and became almost insensible.

All was in vain: the barbarians would not listen to him; and she was bound also. After satisfying themselves that Charles could not escape, they examined his pockets, in which they found some pieces of money and other trifles: Charles begged them to leave him his portfolio; but, before they answered him, they opened it, and examined its contents. The first objects which struck them were the portraits of M. and Mad. de St. Colombe. Charles, seeing the pictures of his revered parents in their impious hands, uttered cries of despair. The wretches only laughed at him; they tore the portraits from their frames, which were gold, and retired to some distance, seemingly to consult: after a time, they returned. "We have orders to murder

you," said one of the ruffians; "but we do not like to take the lives of two children who cannot defend themselves. We will, therefore, spare you upon one condition, which is, that you make oath, both of you, on the portraits of your parents, (and they presented them to their view,) that if you happen by any chance to get released from your present bondage, you will not return to Vienna, or go near it; that you will not inform any person of your history, either by word of mouth or in writing, or even divulge your family name, or that of the place where you were born, or whence you came." The children, seeing no alternative but death, took the oath, and the men being satisfied, they returned the portraits to the portfolio, which they placed at the foot of a tree; and, abandoning these poor little children to the rigour of their fate, they returned to the boat, and soon disappeared.

It was almost night, and soon the darkness in the forest became so great, that Charles and Eugenia, though not more than ten paces apart, could no longer distinguish each other. Eugenia wept bitterly: the cold caused her as much pain as the cord which chafed her tender limbs; Charles experienced the same suffering, but

knowing the inutility of complaint, only opened his lips to console her. "Take courage, my sister," said he; "since God has permitted the ruffians to spare our lives, he will send some one to our aid,—doubt it not. Did not our beloved father tell us that God was the protector of the fatherless?"

The beasts of the forest profit by the time in which their enemies sleep to seek their food, and the wood was full of game. Sometimes a swift-footed hare running across the heath would make Eugenia start; the deer would brouze upon the tree to which Charles was bound, making him think that his last moment was approaching. Farther off, they heard tremendous roarings. Adieu to all reflection! Charles and Eugenia, seized with terror, forgot their cold, hunger, and wounds; they dared scarcely breathe, and, in this frightful state, they awaited the return of morning.

The morning brought comfort to their misery; their fears ceased, and hope again took possession of their minds. Charles thought it possible that some peasants might work or cut wood in the forest, and cried out with all his might. Heaven, as he had hoped, sent to their assistance.

A poor traveller, who had lost his way, heard Charles's cries: he followed the direction of the sound, and pushing his way across the brambles, at last succeeded in discovering him. At the sight of the children fastened to the trees, benumbed with cold and almost dead with hunger, the man remained motionless. Soon recovering from his surprise, he hastened to release them, but being himself destitute, and a stranger to the forest, he could give them no further aid, but, recommending them to the care of Providence, left them with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLES did not pass his time in vain lamentations and tears, as most children of his age would have done; he thought of protecting his sister from the cold, and of procuring for her something to sustain life. Fortunately, there was abundance of fruit in the forest, and, after collecting a bed of dry leaves, he seated her upon it, and begging that she would compose herself as much as she could in his absence, he left her, and went in search of what they both stood so much in need of. In a quarter of an hour he collected sufficient, and, lest he should take any of an injurious or poisonous kind, he gathered only such as the birds had pecked. He returned to Eugenia, and they partook of this frugal repast with appetite and thankfulness; for they had not eaten any thing for two days, their grief preventing them from partaking of the meals which their barbarous conductors

offered them. Charles again left his sister, in order to find a road which would lead them out of this dreary place. Remembering the roaring in the night, he dreaded meeting some of the ferocious animals which had caused them so much terror; but Providence, which led him as by the hand, preserved him from this danger. Descending into the hollow of the wood, he perceived a mass of rocks, at the foot of which was a deep cavern: he entered, and found it uninhabited. He was afraid it was the haunt of wild beasts; and, lest this should be the case, he carried thither as many stones and branches of trees as he could drag, to prevent the entrance of the monsters, or at least that he might be warned of their approach, by the noise, in time to escape. These preparations made, he returned for Eugenia, for whom he had, as before, provided a bed in the cavern, and thus our children passed the first day of their deliverance.

On the morrow, Charles, reflecting that his life could not last always, took his sister under his arm, and they ventured into the open part of the forest, hoping to find their way out, or at least to discover some habitation. They had wandered for two or three hours, when, to their un-

speakable joy, they saw a peasant cutting wood; they ran to him breathless, and throwing themselves on their knees, with clasped hands besought him to have pity upon them. The peasant was so astonished at the appearance of two fine genteel-looking children, half naked and alone, in this savage place, (Charles being without coat or hat, and Eugenia having only her little stays and petticoat,) that he did not answer them immediately, but stood with his eyes fixed upon them. At length, when his surprise was somewhat abated, he asked them who they were, whence they came, and how they were reduced to the distressing state in which he saw them? "Alas!" said Charles, "we have been stripped by robbers, and know not where we are." This answer was not very satisfactory; but, fortunately, the man questioned them no further, but took them to his father, who lived on the borders of the wood.

On entering his cottage, the children were struck at the scene which they beheld. Their conductor's brother was about to join the army, and was receiving his father's blessing. On his knees, his hands joined, with a collected air, he listened respectfully to the old man, who, plac-

ing his trembling hand on his son's head, said "Receive my blessing, my son; I pray God to protect thee, for thou hast obeyed his commandment,—'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Go, my son, defend thy country, then return and close my eyes, and thus fulfil all thy duties: I will implore for thee the aid of heaven; I hope much, for our cause is just."

This pious act performed, the young peasant presented the two children, who requested a lodging for the night.

"It is not so much for myself as for my sister," said Charles; "she has suffered much, considering her age and tenderness."

"Indeed, sir," interrupted Eugenia, "I am quite able to sleep again in the cave, and to live upon wild fruit, but Charles wants rest; for two days he has been roaming all over the forest looking for food, and he dragged heavy branches of trees and put before the cave, for fear the wild beasts should devour us; and, after all this, he would watch all night lest I should be frightened." This affectionate contest strongly prepossessed the old man in their favour.

"Remain here, my children," said he: "all the unfortunate are my brethren; I will divide

with you the remainder of our provision, and to-morrow we will hunt." He gave each an old coat to cover them, and began to cook what fish was left for them. The old man's cottage was dirty and ruinous, but he so heartily offered what he possessed, and appeared so glad to have it in his power to do them service, that it would have been ungrateful, indeed, in them to have received his hospitality with coldness. Nevertheless, poor Eugenia contemplated the misery of these peasants with disgust: too young to keep a watch over her impulses, and forgetting that she might wound the feelings of the old man, she showed some repugnance to the repast which the fisherman sat before them. He perceived it, but only observed mildly, "Take what I give you, my child, for I have nothing better."

Their hunger being satisfied, the old man retired, with his two sons, to prepare for the young soldier's departure, and Charles took advantage of their absence to reprove his sister: "You have vexed our host, Eugenia," said he, "though I am quite sure it was not your intention. Remember, my dear sister, we should never appear to notice the poverty or faults of those persons under whose roof we rest, or of whose hospitality

we partake; it is a breach of good breeding; but, when we have received and are receiving obligations, it becomes ingratitude." Eugenia owned her fault, and, anxious to repair it, was thenceforth particularly attentive and polite to the old man and his family. Eugenia was neither haughty or disdainful, but, having been brought up in great cleanliness and neatness, she could not easily conceal her disgust at sight of the fisherman's dirty cookery.

The good man was anxious to know whence the children came; to whom they belonged; and how they fell into the hands of the robbers; and Charles, who could not tell an untruth, thus answered him:

"I would tell you, my good friend, but I have taken an oath to be for ever silent on this dreadful subject, and I cannot break my word even to obey you, my benefactor. Some wicked men brought us into the forest, stripped and robbed us, and bound each of us to a tree; we were nearly exhausted with cold, hunger, and grief, when a traveller, hearing our cries, came and set us free; for two days since we have been in danger of becoming the prey of wild beasts, but, fortunately, we met with your son. This is all

that I am at liberty to tell you: we are sufficiently miserable in being deprived of both father and mother; but we are neither wicked or deceitful. God, who reads our hearts, has taken care of us, and brought us hither, and this is doubtless one of the good effects of our paternal blessing; for our father, on his death-bed, blessed us, as you have blessed your son."

The fisherman possessed good sense and experience; he perceived in this recital the purest principles of religion and morality, and, respecting the secret, questioned them no further. Taking Charles by the hand, "I am happy to hear," said he, "that you have received your father's blessing; it speaks much in your favour. Yes, I see you are honest, though unfortunate; take courage. God, who loves you, will bless and prosper you; I will be as far as I am able, under Providence, an instrument for your advantage; to-morrow is our hunting-day, and my son will leave me; you shall accompany us, if you please; but I cannot do any thing for you, until the day after. Then, I will take you to a very worthy friend of mine; and he, I hope, will be able to do much for you."

The next morning, early, the old man, his two

sons, Joseph and Frederick, and our hero, set out; they were to part from Frederick at a place appointed, and, on their return, were to hunt. Eugenia remained at home with Louison, a relation of the fisherman, who lived with them. The parting of the old man and his son was affecting in the extreme;—could they ever hope to meet again? the great age of the former, and the chances of war, filled them with fears. The fisherman strained his son to his heart, and wept bitterly; Frederick endeavoured to appear calm, but, in spite of his efforts, the tears trickled down his cheeks. Joseph put an end to this distressing scene by making a sign to his brother, who tore himself from his father's embrace, and, covering his face with his handkerchief, hurried away. Joseph took the old man's arm, and led him on. "Adieu, then, for ever!" cried he, turning to take another look at his departing son. "Adieu, Frederick! thy aged father will never see thee more!" He leaned against a tree, overcome by his emotion.

To turn the current of his thoughts, Joseph gave him a gun, and they commenced their sport. Suddenly the sky became overcast, black clouds collected, and every thing an-

nounced the approach of a storm. Our hunters were in a part of the wood where there was no shelter.

"Let us go to the hermit's hut," said Joseph; "it is near here, and we can reach it before the tempest comes on." The place where this hermit had fixed his dwelling was so deeply enclosed, the immense trees which surrounded it were clothed in such thick foliage, that our friends with difficulty gained access to the hut. "The trees here," said Joseph, "shelter us almost as much as a roof, but, however, we may as well see the hermit."

As he finished these words, there came a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a violent clap of thunder; the rain fell in torrents, and penetrated their covering; they, therefore, hastened to the hermitage. A second flash of lightning showed them the door; and, having knocked, a man, or rather a spectre, presented itself, and enquired their business. Charles was seized with alarm at the sight of this savage-looking person. The hermit, for it was he, was very tall, and thinly clothed in dirty rags; his black matted beard covered his pale and livid countenance; and his hair fell in disorder upon his shoulders. The

floor of his hut was strewed with the remains of his horrid repast, bleeding skins, feathers, paws, heads, straw, and grass: it might have been the den of a beast of prey, for nothing appeared human. He slept on the ground, suffered his nails to grow, and used them to kill his prey, which, having no fire-arms, he caught in snares.

The fisherman had never before seen the hermit, and, although Joseph had often spoken of him as a kind of madman, he did not think it possible for man to be so degraded. His horror was so great, that he would immediately have proceeded home, but the storm, far from ceasing, increased every moment: claps of thunder resounded through the wood, and shook the hermitage, and the lightning, flashing directly upon its savage inmate, showed him in all his deformity. Who would not have trembled at the contemplation of such a scene?

"Fear nothing," cried he, in a sepulchral voice, "it is I alone whom the storm menaces." "Yes," continued he, striking his breast violently, "God is just: let the thunder-bolt crush me; it will be a mercy, for hell is in my breast, remorse tears me to pieces. Oh, what a blessing is an innocent heart! However wealthy the wicked

man may be, or however honored by the world, still he is cursed!" At this moment another clap of thunder shook the place, the hermit threw himself on the ground, and rolled in agony, tearing his flesh, and uttering cries of despair. The fisherman, Joseph, and Charles, were full of alarm, when suddenly they perceived a great light; the lightning had struck a neighbouring tree, which, communicating with the cabin, it soon became a prey to the flames. Joseph raised the hermit, seized his arm, and, dragging him away by force, saved his life.

CHAPTER IX.

THE rain abating, our friends returned home; they had taken nothing, but they knew there was plenty of fish left from the preceding day to satisfy their present wants. At sight of the hermit, Eugenia nearly fainted with fright, but Louison carried her out, and soon explained who he was, telling her as much of his story as she knew herself. For several years he had inhabited a hut on the opposite side of the wood, and was thought to be insane, from the extraordinary life he led, seeing no one, and having no society but that of the animals which surrounded him. His name and country were unknown; but he appeared to be well educated, and doubtless some great misfortune had disordered his brain.

They found, on their return to the room, that the fisherman had prevailed upon him to take some food, and he confessed that he had eaten nothing for two days, being too weak to leave

his hut; and this weakness, augmented by the want of food, produced the scene which they had witnessed during the storm. A bath, and some hours of refreshing sleep, restored him; a man was procured to free him from his frightful beard, and to arrange his hair. This metamorphosis lessened his savage appearance, without removing his profound melancholy. The fisherman vainly tried to console him; shaking his head, and pointing to his heart, he always answered, "It is in vain; the disease is here, it is incurable!" Softened at last by the old man's kind treatment and placid nature, the hermit consented to relate his history. "You will judge," said he, "whether there can still be happiness for me on earth; you will tremble at my conduct; but if the goodness of your heart prevail over the horror with which I shall inspire you, you will pity my sufferings. My name is Busseuil, I am a Frenchman, and was born in Bretagne. My father, the son of a rich farmer, lived at his ease upon the estate which he farmed himself; and, as I was his only child, he wished to give me a good education, and bring me up in a profession which would do honor to his family. Moderate in his own desires, he spared

nothing in the education of his son. Alas! his tenderness was mistaken, and deeply did he repent it. His error caused him bitter regrets, and I, wretch that I am, caused them by my ingratitude!" Busseuil here paused, as if overcome by the melancholy reflection. The curiosity of Charles and Eugenia was much excited by this preamble, but, at the same time, they felt a secret terror inspired by the presence of such a guilty person. A bad son, in their estimation, was the most horrible character possible, —an unfeeling,ungrateful, unnatural being. The hermit proceeded: "I was sent to a boarding-school at Rennes, and, being quick and clever, was soon first in my class. The exaggerated praises which I received, puffed me up with vanity; and I thought I was a great honor to my family. I was foolish and wicked enough to blush at my father's station, and to despise the sincere and tender caresses of my mother. Blinded by conceit, I remained insensible to the virtues of my honest parents; their frankness shocked and offended me; I secretly considered it a crime not to be polite, and felt humiliated when any of my relations came to visit me. My silence, cold manners, and even my sarcasms,

which I regarded as proofs of my great learning, and the poignancy of my wit, too plainly showed the contempt in which I held them. Sometimes, in a dictatorial tone, I presumed to lecture my father upon the vulgarity and incorrectness of his language, and the excellent man, who attributed not these extravagancies to the badness of my heart, would mildly answer me: 'You wish to display the correctness of your own speech, Elias, and you are right, so far as it convinces me that you profit by the great expence which your education costs me. But it is not in reproving me that you show your sense: remember that I am your father.' This kindness produced no effect upon me; I always returned to school with pleasure; there I was in my element; surrounded by young fools, like myself, I was not ashamed to expose my parents to their ridicule, and to excite their noisy empty mirth by mimicking the Low Breton words and incorrect phrases which escaped the authors of my being. Far from becoming more modest, I prided myself on my very faults, and it was particularly with the young people of our village that I played the man of importance. I even carried my assumption and haughtiness so far as to get

myself hated. Several lads, who had been my playfellows in my childhood, unable to bear my tyranny and insulting deportment, would not expose themselves to it, and abandoned me altogether.

"The rector of our village, who esteemed my father much, said to him one day: 'James, you are giving Elias the education of a fine gentleman, and you may depend upon it in so doing you are wrong. Teach him, in the first place, his duty to God and to yourself; bestow upon him a good plain education, which will enable him to procure an honest and respectable livelihood, but do not, by giving him an injudicious one, elevate him above his station. By so doing, you will teach him to despise his parents, and you will also be the means of heaping upon himself innumerable mortifications. Doubtless you intend sending him to the capital? beware how you do so, and reflect on the dangers which await him there. Would you make Elias a physician, an advocate, or a man of letters? Paris is overrun with them; while a steady farmer, or an upright tradesman, is valued and respected. That vanity which seeks only wealth, unavoidably unites itself with corruption. Make your son

the first of his class, if you please; a well-informed clever agriculturist is by no means a common character, and if he be less envied, he will be more happy, and often much more estimable. I tell you frankly, James,' continued the pastor, 'you are acting unwisely by Elias; you will throw him into a new world at an age in which first impressions generally decide our fate in life; ceasing to see you, he will soon cease to love you: always in the society of persons above himself, he will become proud; the condition of a farmer will appear vile to him; he will forget that he owes his education to your labour and affection; and he will blush at belonging to you.'

"This and similar discourses of the curate made some impression upon my father; and the fear of the consequences foretold by the former made him think of recalling me to the farm, but my mother strongly opposed his intentions. She represented to him the mischief he would do by interrupting my studies in the midst of my progress. As to the airs I gave myself, she attributed them to the disgust I must naturally feel at the manners of the peasants, which so little resembled those persons with whom I was associated. If my father had followed the dictates

of reason, the arguments which my mother used to oppose his design, would only have made him feel more strongly the necessity of an alteration; but, led by the natural desire of giving me a profession by which I might advance myself and my family, he shut his eyes to the irreparable evils which accompanied the fulfilment of his wishes and ambition. I was left at school, and, at the age of sixteen, I was sent to Paris to complete my education."

At this part of his narrative the hermit nearly fainted: in his present weak state, he could not reflect upon his conduct and his good father, the victim of his ingratitude, without great emotion. He was put to bed, and our children, the fisherman, and Joseph, being alone, the two latter gave their opinions on what they had heard. "Connections," said the old man, "at whatever age they may be formed, influence our happiness through life, and of this Busseuil is a proof. Born, according to all appearances, with a good disposition, he might have remained in the farm a good son and an honest man, but, by quitting his father too young, and mixing with improper associates, he imbibed tastes and inclinations which ruined him; and this is invariably the

case, unless the natural good disposition and principles of a young man bring him off victorious in the combat." But what thought Charles and Eugenia? oh, how guilty did Busseuil appear to them! Their hearts were full: during the hermit's recital, tears had often started to their eyes, but, fearful of hurting his feelings, they had restrained them. They felt that, at their age, it would not be proper to give their opinions like the fisherman and his son, and they kept silence, but waited impatiently for the conclusion of his history, thanking God in their hearts that they had always loved and honored their parents while they lived. The hermit was two days before he recovered; on the third, feeling himself better, the fisherman expressed his desire that he should proceed to the end of his history, and he thus continued.

CHAPTER X.

"I LEFT school sufficiently learned, but possessing as much pride and obstinacy as it was possible for a young man to have; I visited my schoolfellows, the sons of high and rich families, and I endeavoured to imitate them in their arrogance, rashness, conceit, and, above all, in their extravagant expences, for I was ashamed of appearing inferior to them even in this point. I never spoke or thought of my father, except when I wanted money. The good man complained of my silence, but I pleaded my occupations and studies in excuse: the law was my profession, and my father longed to see me an advocate. My young companions were pretended *esprits forts*, in whose society I gradually lost the principle of religion and morality which I had received in my infancy, and I plunged without shame into the most disgusting debauchery. If, by chance, some glimmering of my

former honest sentiments appeared, their conversation and example soon extinguished it. Always occupied with pleasure, I neglected my profession, incurred debts which my father paid, and, abusing his kindness, I filled my letters with falsehoods, persuading him that illness or some unforeseen accidents were the causes of them.

"My father's indulgence, however, did not prevent him from informing himself of the real state of my affairs. Unknown to me, he wrote to a confidential friend at Paris, who exposed my proceedings, and gave no very flattering description of my personal appearance. Seeking still further information, my father at last learnt the melancholy truth that I had fallen into that abject class, among which conscience no longer retains the power of making itself heard. He wrote a letter informing me that he knew all my proceedings, and that he would no longer furnish me with the means to supply my shameful expences. I laughed at his letter, and that day I drank till I lost all consciousness. Fortune seemed to declare herself my father's enemy: his affairs went wrong; he suffered great losses; and my conduct, above all, grieved him to the heart.

My mother, who accused herself in a great measure of being the cause of my delinquency, continually reproached her own weakness, and, when the extent of my disorderly conduct became known to her, she was so afflicted that she fell ill, and survived but a few weeks. The news of her death affected me but little; I was unnatural enough to remember only that I had a right to her jointure, and that by her death I was freed from her control, and I almost immediately made a demand for money. This conduct discovered to my father the badness of my heart, and my horrible ingratitude, and convinced him that I would hesitate at no step, however base, which would put me in possession of the property which had devolved to me by my mother's death; he, therefore, resolved to consult an advocate as to what course he should take, but, meanwhile, a dreadful fire consumed his farm and all that he possessed.

"My unhappy father, deprived of every thing, determined to inform me in person of his calamity, thinking that this last catastrophe would make some impression upon me, and perhaps bring me to my senses. No longer having any fortune to look to, he hoped that I might apply

myself to my profession, and ultimately repent, become a dutiful son, and endeavour, by my industry, to repair his losses.

"He came to Paris, and found me in the midst of a party of young reprobates, like myself, half intoxicated. My father was announced, but, far from feeling any remorse, or being affected at the sight of this afflicted man, whose sorrows were written on his countenance, I burst out laughing, and my companions followed my example. All rising, they surrounded him, and, insulting him with their impious mockeries, forced him to sit down to the table, and drink with us. I was a spectator of this indecent scene, but, instead of putting an end to it, I applauded and encouraged their behaviour. My indignant father cast a terrible look on me,—a look which it is impossible for me to describe, but the remembrance of which will remain with me to the end of my wretched existence. Violently disengaging himself, he left us to continue our debauch; but, before he departed,—oh dreadful recollection! he stopped on the threshold of the door, and, in a grave and solemn tone, uttered these words: 'Unnatural, depraved,

and ungrateful son! I curse thee!!! Mayest thou one day feel the torments which thou hast inflicted upon thy father!'

"I had no money, nor any means of procuring any, for who would entrust me with his cause? Play seemed my only resource: I hazarded a few pieces of gold, which I borrowed, and, being fortunate, before night was master of a considerable sum. My antagonist demanded his revenge; I was obliged to comply: I resolved, however, to risk only a few crowns; losing these, I staked others, which had the same fate. Angry and infatuated, my reason fled; I lost all; and left the place in a state bordering upon distraction. My pretended friends, to console me, assured me that this was only a freak of fortune, and that she would smile upon me the next day. I was foolish enough to believe them, for play had already become a master passion with me: they lent me money, and I continued this ruinous career; I passed my time turning day into night, sometimes my pockets filled with gold, but more frequently empty. My life was free from all regulation, and, consequently, I became the victim of continual agitation: I endeavoured to render myself callous to all feeling;

but, in the midst of my disorder, I felt that, to be happy, it is necessary to be virtuous.

"Fortune becoming completely opposed to me, I was reduced to the necessity of selling my clothes, and, to render me still more miserable, reflection taught me that I owed all my misery to myself. I was in this state when I received a letter from the pastor of our village informing me that my father was suffering under a dangerous illness, occasioned by grief at my unnatural and undutiful conduct, and that he was in the hospital, for I had so impoverished the good man that this was his only resource. Like a thunderbolt, at length remorse touched my heart, and I became melancholy: my vile associates, in order to raise my spirits, surrounded me with those baneful pleasures which first conducted me to the precipice into which I had fallen; but I enjoyed them no longer; a weight on my heart seemed to prevent my breathing; my laughter was convulsive; and scalding tears darted from my eyes. I felt that my father's curse was upon me.

"Being unable any longer to support my situation, I departed for Rennes without making my intention known. I wished to see my father,

and, by my contrition and repentance, to obtain his pardon. I felt that if I was once assured of that, I should recover sufficient energy to employ myself usefully; but, alas! I was not worthy of such a blessing!

"I proceeded immediately to the hospital, and enquired for James Busseuil. 'James Busseuil!' said the nurse to whom I addressed myself, 'Alas! poor man, his sufferings are at an end.' 'Where is he? where is my father? I must—I must, indeed, see him!' My air was distracted, and voice almost inarticulate. The woman gazed at me with horror: 'Are you his son?' cried she; 'if you are,—fly, wretch! you inspire me with horror!' and putting her hands before her eyes, as if to avoid the sight of me, she disappeared.

"I left the place in a state of despair, unable to fix my attention to any thing: I wandered all over France, sleeping upon the ground, eating the bread of charity, and calling upon death to release me from my misery. One day, pressed by hunger, and not knowing what I did, I attacked a traveller, who gave me his purse, and fled; I remained, immoveable, looking at it; I did not want money—it was bread alone I required.

'Now,' cried I, 'I have crowned my wretchedness; I am become as vile as I was wicked!'

"The traveller reached a house, and, relating his adventure, gens d'armes were sent to seize me: perceiving them at a distance, I concealed myself, for the fear of being discovered seemed a punishment beyond my bearing. As a description of my person was published, I resolved to leave France: every place was alike wretched to me; I wished, if possible, that my penance should equal my crimes, hoping that finally its rigour would disarm divine justice, and ensure my pardon. I had heard of this island, with its numerous woods and marshes, and I determined to visit it. You know the rest: I have, doubtless, appeared an extraordinary being; but now you must confess that I am a companion fit only for the savage animals, whom I resemble in my nature."

The hermit thus concluded his story; and his hearers, with downcast eyes, kept silence. He read his condemnation in their countenances, and he added: "The confession which I have made, is the most cruel punishment which I could inflict upon myself. To incur the contempt of innocent persons is dreadful!" On finishing

these words, he turned away his head, and groaned heavily. The two children trembled; but their pity overcame every other feeling. The fisherman thought it better to defer his consolation until another opportunity; and, prevailing upon Busseuil to take some rest, led him to his chamber, and, for the rest of the day, they all avoided any allusion to his melancholy story.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next day the fisherman, calling Charles and Eugenia, thus addressed them: "My children, I am now going to take you to a large city. The island of Schut, in which you now are, is subject to Hungary; it is twenty leagues long, and fourteen broad, and contains the towns of Comorna, Szerdahelg, Varkau, and Samaria. We are going to Comorna, the capital, where lives a good friend of mine, who has the means, and I am sure will have the inclination, to protect you. M. Waldsée, professor of philosophy, is a welcome guest among the great, by whom he is much esteemed; his reputation gains him easy access to them, and causes him to be listened to; therefore, I hope he will find an opportunity to serve you. But, young man," continued he, "what can I say to him? You appeared in my dwelling as though you had fallen from the clouds, and it would have been barbarous in me to have refused you an asylum. The interest

with which you inspire me pleads strongly in your favour, and I am inclined to believe that you are honest children pursued by misfortune. Indeed, I feel so convinced that I am going to render you further assistance by recommending you to my friend. But what confidence can he have in you, or even in me, whom he knows? Could I but tell him who you are? Pray, Charles," said the old man affectionately, "yield to my friendship, and confide in my prudence; an indiscreet oath, extorted by violence, and made to robbers, is not binding, and they only constrained you to take it the longer to conceal their iniquity."

This discourse was urgent, and embarrassed Charles very much: he blushed and was agitated; affection and gratitude prompted him to reveal all; but his principles forbade him. Raising his hands and eyes to heaven, "How much am I grieved," exclaimed he, "at being unable to satisfy you! but it is impossible. I was born in France, and my family, I can assure you, is respectable. My father and mother died in Germany: being left orphans, and without fortune, we were received into the house of some good people, who loved us and treated us as

their own children. We lived happily and contentedly, until last week, when, I know not for what reason, we were carried off by two men, who, after two days journey, stopped on the bank of a river, where they forced us into a boat; we crossed the river, and they brought us into the wood, stripped and bound us: you know what followed, and I assure you that all passed exactly as I have related it. I have sworn not to divulge our family name, or that of the place from which we were taken: it is of little consequence whether I gave my word to thieves or to honest men; it saved our lives, and I must keep it."

The fisherman said no more; so much firmness astonished him: Joseph, who was present, made a sign to his father to step out, and said to him, "I have frequently observed these children with two pictures in their hands, which they have kissed with strong emotion: these must be the portraits of their parents: if there is no name on them, we might learn from their dress the rank of the children, and time may discover the rest. The old man approved of his son's opinion, and, returning, asked Charles if he had not any memorial of his parents? Charles, happy at being able to speak of his

father and mother without transgressing his oath, hastened to fetch his portfolio, and show the portraits. The old man remarked that the miniatures, which were beautifully executed, represented persons of distinction, and in that of M. de St. Colombe, attired in regimentals, he recognized a superior officer. Without making any observation, except admiring their beauty, he returned them, when Eugenia desired her brother to show the paper which accompanied them, and Charles immediately produced it. The good man read it attentively, and turned it every way to discover a signature, without effect, but he had seen sufficient to convince him that the children were worthy of the kindness he was about to solicit for them. Quite easy as to the result of his journey, he prepared to depart. The air was mild, and Eugenia, throwing aside the old cloak which covered her shoulders, in a little white corset, with her hair flowing in natural ringlets over her neck, might have been taken for a young dryad; Charles, in a light costume, and handsome as Apollo, gave her his arm; the old man, nearly double with age, hobbled after them with difficulty, altogether forming living emblems of the morning and evening of life.

After a few hours' walk, they arrived at M. Waldsée's house, and found him at home, with his wife and daughter. At the sight of the fisherman he seemed much surprized, and, exclaiming "What, are you here, Albert!" embraced him warmly: then, observing the children, he asked what had procured him the pleasure of their company? This friendly and familiar reception astonished Charles; every thing in the professor's house announced plenty and elegance; he was himself well dressed, and had the manners and appearance of a man of consequence, whilst the old man who received his caresses was an epitome of human misery. Charles, however, remembered that the fisherman attributed to his friend greater merit than that which merely belongs to riches, by which he understood the possession of virtue and absence of vulgar prejudices. From that moment the professor appeared to him worthy of respect, and he wished that he might be happy enough to interest him.

The conversation at first was general, but M. Waldsée soon retired with the fisherman to his study, where they remained some time. Charles and Eugenia stayed with the ladies, who were very kind to them, and found, by the politeness

of their behaviour, and the manner in which they expressed themselves, that they had been well brought up. Compliments were concluded in five minutes, and, seated a considerable time without speaking, our little friends had nothing to do but to examine their future protectresses. Madame Waldsée, younger than her husband, appeared to be about forty-five; she had still the remains of beauty, but continual ill health gave a grave expression to her countenance, though her manners were amiable and affectionate. Louisa, her daughter, was sixteen, tall, and well made, with regular features, fair complexion, and a profusion of light hair. Her manner was reserved, calm, modest, and contemplative; she was youth in all its freshness of beauty and purity.

On the return of M. Waldsée and the fisherman to the drawing-room, the latter presented our hero to his friend: "Charles," said he, "be grateful to this gentleman, who is so kind as to interest himself in your welfare; I think, by your conduct to me, that you will be so; but if, unhappily, I am deceived, you will yourself be the first victim." The children rushed into the old man's arms, and, by their caresses, showed

their sense of his kindness: he pressed them to his breast, and told them to thank M. Waldsée. They fell on their knees to their new protector; who, raising them up, thus addressed them: "My dear children, we should never bow the knee, except to our Maker: do not thank me; as yet, I have done nothing for you. In serving you, I only follow the dictates of my heart; nor is there a greater pleasure to me than that of assisting the unfortunate. I hope, Charles, to be useful to you," added he, "but I must first be acquainted with your talents and capabilities. And for you, my little Eugenia, you shall remain with my daughter, and be her sister; I am sure, if you are good and amiable, she will treat you as though you really were so. But, my children, I fear you will be very dull here; Madame Waldsée is ill, and cannot bear the noisy play of youth. My dear Albert," continued he, addressing the fisherman, "I must confess that my house presents nothing very agreeable to children of this age: you know that we keep very little company; Louisa is always attending upon her mother; and, as to myself, I pass three parts of the day in my study. It is seldom that Louisa takes a walk, for she could not go out without

one of us, and for three years my wife has been confined to the house. Our amusement consists in changing our occupations, and in select readings, for which I choose the books. Sometimes, indeed, we have a little family card party, the winnings of which furnish a light collation of creams and cakes, while two or three friends animate and embellish the entertainment. Oh! but I am nearly forgetting our principal amusement: to exercise Louisa and myself, we play at flying, in the great gallery, by my library. You laugh, Albert, but, childish as this sport may appear to you, it is very useful to both of us. The exercise is beneficial to our health, and, while the flyer is leaping, we think of nothing else; therefore our minds are amused as well as our bodies exercised." "I understand you," said Albert; "you are a true philosopher, who, having the wisdom to limit your desires, make your own house the centre of your enjoyment and happiness."

At M. Waldsée's request the fisherman remained two days at Comorna, but, on the third, he would positively depart. "My friend," said he, "you treat me too well; if I remain here longer, I shall become accustomed to good living

and luxury, and the life which I lead in my cottage will appear hard." M. Waldsée shook his head, and was silent. Charles, who was present, secretly demanded, "How is it that a rich man, like M. Waldsée, who says that his greatest pleasure is to relieve the unfortunate, should suffer an old man, whom he calls his friend, to live in such poverty?" Stop, Charles, you are already ungrateful: what right have you to judge your superiors? wait, presumptuous youth, until time and experience teach you the reason of his conduct. Charles listened to this reproach of his conscience, and blushed at being capable of entertaining a disadvantageous opinion of the man who had received him into his house with so much hospitality, and who had offered to become his future benefactor. It is impossible to prevent the entrance of a first idea; but, when we have reason to suspect its justness, we should check it instantly.

The fisherman's departure was a source of affliction to the children, who were much attached to him, though they did not regret leaving his cabin: gratitude takes deep root in good dispositions. The good man could not witness their tears without emotion, but, making an ef-

fort to conceal his weakness, he said to them, "I depart satisfied, my children, since I leave you in the care of my friend; place your confidence in him, he is worthy of it." Then, taking leave of them and of his friends, he departed. M. Waldsée took Charles into his study, and Eugenia remained in the drawing-room with Louisa.

The professor was much pleased at Charles's attachment to his old friend; he drew from it a favourable omen; such affection would be the reward of his care, and it was the only one he desired. A generous heart must necessarily be grateful, but, unfortunately, such a jewel is very rare.

M. Waldsée consoled his young friend, and spoke to him of the venerable friend, whom he regretted: "I wished to keep him longer," said he, "but I feared wounding his delicacy: M. Quedelin is proud." At this name Charles started and coloured violently; fortunately, the professor, employed in arranging his bureau, did not observe him. He continued: "You were, I doubt not, surprised, Charles, at hearing a poor fisherman express himself in such superior language, and with such just ideas." "I confess

sir," replied Charles, "that I have often remarked it, but I thought that frequenting the town where he sells his fish might have produced this effect." "But," said the professor, "a vulgar common man does not improve himself thus: have you seen many peasants like my friend?" "No, indeed, sir;" replied Charles, in whose mind the name of Quedelin was associated with a thousand virtues. "How strange it is," continued he to himself, "that two men of the same name, whom fortune has placed so far from each other, should be so much alike in their benevolence and goodness!" The professor interrupted his reflections, by adding, "I will acquaint you, my young friend, with Albert Quedelin's history; you will then duly appreciate his kindness to you, and will be no longer surprised at his wisdom, or at my regard for him. Albert is the elder brother of M. Quedelin, the pastor of Schoenbrunn."—Charles uttered a cry, which M. Waldsée attributed to his surprise at the different situations of the two brothers, and proceeded: "Yes, Charles, the poor fisherman is of good family, has been well educated, and was professor of belles lettres at Vienna: an ill judged and improper marriage has been the

cause of his misfortunes. I never could prevail upon him to accept the least assistance; he lives by the sale of his fish, which abound in our rivers; he has been the sole instructor of his two sons, who are worthy of him; a relation of his wife shares his solitude, and, for fifteen years, she has been the only person admitted into his dwelling. His family believe him dead. Alas! I fear his life will not be of long duration. This miserable penance, to which he has condemned himself, is, however, the consequence of error only, for my friend is innocent! but he is a striking lesson to the youthful, who, unfortunately, are not always willing to profit even by example.

"Albert, when too late, discovered that he had become the dupe of an artful, intriguing, vicious woman, with whose uncommon beauty he was dazzled, and who, by her abominable artifices, and her impudent assumption of virtues to which she had no claim, blinded his understanding and baffled his conviction: he married her, and soon found, to his cost, that he had entered a dishonourable family. Ashamed of his alliance, too proud to brave the contempt of society, and having rejected the advice of his

friends, he sacrificed all social enjoyments, and firm in his innocence, he has created to himself a kind of happiness unknown to the vulgar, which religion and philosophy alone can bestow. I think you worthy of this confidence, Charles," continued M. Waldsée, "and I rely on your discretion. You are, however, at liberty to communicate to your sister what I have told you: you cannot either of you know too much of the venerable man who has befriended you." Charles thanked M. Waldsée for this proof of his confidence, and they soon after returned to the drawing-room.

Eugenia was seated in a corner, very melancholy, holding a book before her eyes, and the professor sent them both into the garden to amuse themselves. As soon as they were alone, "Who do you think, Eugenia, the good fisherman is?" said Charles; "you will never guess. This poor peasant is the brother of M. Quedelin." "Indeed!" cried Eugenia, much surprised, "then I'm sure M. Quedelin does not know how very poor his brother is, for, if he did, he is so good that he would not suffer him to want; but you will tell M. Waldsée, Charles?" "Listen, Eugenia; I

will tell you all that M. Waldsée told me: he has given me leave to do so."

"Then, if he had not, I suppose you would not tell me any thing?"

"No, certainly not: do not you remember that my father has told us that we might entrust our own affairs to whoever we thought worthy of our confidence, but that the confidence reposed in us by others should never be imparted without their consent?" Eugenia was not satisfied with this reasoning; she felt that it would cost her much to have this reserve with Charles; and she wished that this feeling had been mutual. She was too young to know the importance of a secret. To console her, Charles told her the fisherman's story. When he had ended, she exclaimed, "Well, since M. Waldsée knows M. Quedelin, of Schoenbrunn, he can write to him to know if father Werneck has returned." "My dear sister, that cannot be; remember that we have sworn not to reveal our family name, or that of the place we have left." "Oh! that shocking oath! how very, very sorry I am we took it, Charles." "Well, but suppose the robbers had killed you, Eugenia?" "But then,

brother, we shall always be far from home, and living upon charity." "Yes, until we can return to France." "Well then, Charles, if we set off directly, we shall soon arrive at Paris, our uncle will take care of us, and we shall have no more trouble: you know papa told us so." "But for so long a journey, my dear sister, a great deal of money is necessary, and we have none; nor can we go on foot; we should die on the road, of fatigue and hunger. Let us be thankful to God, who has raised us up such a friend as M. Waldsee: let us endeavour, by our gratitude and attention, to gain his good opinion, and, when we are grown up, he will enable us to return to France. But pray be careful and prudent. If M. Waldsée should speak of father Werneck, say nothing, but tell me exactly what you hear."

"Yes, dear Charles, I promise you."

M. Waldsée lost no opportunity of exerting his influence and interest among his numerous friends to procure a situation suitable for Charles. He had examined him thoroughly as to the progress of his education, and his astonishment can scarcely be conceived at finding him so far advanced, being well grounded in the Latin,

French, and German languages. Such precocious talent, aided by a fine grown person, a most ingenuous and prepossessing countenance, which spoke at once to the heart, manners the most frank, conciliatory, and benignant, added to the protection of a man of M. Waldsée's acknowledged merit, made it no very difficult task to provide Charles with an appointment, even at the early age of fourteen.

M. Waldsée returned home one day much later than was usual with him, and, after listening patiently to the tender reproaches of his family, "Do not be angry with me," said he, "but rather congratulate me, for I hope I have been successful in my exertions for Charles to-day. Among the noblemen who honour me with their notice is the Prince de Teutschen, with whom I have been this morning. He is immensely rich; his son Camillus, the sole heir to his title and fortune, has little inclination for study, which to his father, who loves him fondly, is the source of much regret. The prince desired my opinion as to whether it would not be well to give his son a companion in his studies, in order to excite his emulation: "Being near the same age," said the prince, "the application of the

one may rouse the pride of the other." "I agreed with him," continued M. Waldsée, "and, profiting by this opportunity, recommended Charles: the instructions which he can give will be very useful to the young prince, if he will give himself the trouble to listen to them. I have made a complete eulogy on our young friend, which has contributed not a little to determine M. de Teutschen, and I am to introduce him at the palace to-morrow, when he is to take up his abode there."

Charles, who did not expect to be so soon separated from his dear Eugenia, became so absorbed by grief at the suddenness of this news, that he forgot the common rules of politeness, and even gratitude itself, and remained immoveable upon his seat, with his head dropped upon his breast, like one struck by some unforeseen calamity: Eugenia also began to weep. M. Waldsée, who did not perceive what was passing in the minds of these affectionate children, remained silent for a few moments, to give Charles time for reflection; then, turning to him, "My dear young friend," said he, "pray tell me what occasions you so much uneasiness? You embarrass me very much. Have I gone too far

with the prince? I have a better opinion of you than to believe that you would live in idleness: I hope your pride would not admit of such a thought. Speak without fear, Charles: regard me as a true friend, as a father. What do you desire? In heaven's name tell me."

Charles remained like a statue, intimidated by the fear of displeasing his benefector, and the idea of being ridiculed for his weakness: the conflict of his sensations overcame him, and he melted into tears. M. Waldsée rose with a gesture of impatience, and was leaving the room, when, running to him, Charles fell on his knees, exclaiming, in a smothered voice, "Oh, my benefactor, think me not ungrateful; on the contrary, I am penetrated with gratitude for all your kindness, and I am ready to obey you in anything; but I am afflicted at the idea of parting from my sister, my dear sister, Eugenia, whom I have never quitted since she came into the world. This is the cause of my emotion, I assure you, sir; pray forgive me, and do not accuse me of ingratitude." Charles, on his knees, regarded the professor with supplicating looks, the big tears rolling down his cheeks; Eugenia

knelt behind him, clasping her hands, and imploring his pardon.

M. Waldsée was much affected by this scene, and, kindly raising Charles, he assured him that he was not offended at a conduct which was the result of fraternal affection, but that the separation which they so much dreaded, would scarcely be felt by them, since he might visit Eugenia almost every day. He further represented that his advancement in life would require him, at some time, to part from his sister, and that he ought to think himself happy at being, in this instance, so kindly treated by fortune. Charles possessed excellent sense, and reproached himself bitterly for his want of consideration to his kind friend; he also obtained from Eugenia a promise not to weep when he departed; and the next day he accompanied M. Waldsée to the palace, and acquitted himself, when there, entirely to his satisfaction.

CHAPTER XII.

EUGENIA, remembering her promise to her brother, roused all her energies, and, smiling through her tears, bade him adieu, with a composure which surprised him. By this effort, she lessened considerably the intenseness of his anxiety, and enabled him to meet his new friends with a mind more disengaged from painful remembrances than he could possibly have hoped for. But poor Eugenia, having achieved this momentary heroism, when she lost sight of that brother whom she followed with her eyes through every avenue and winding as long as she could preserve the slightest glimpse of him; then, indeed, she felt the separation in all its bitterness, and mourned him as her only protector, a kind friend, and an enthusiastically and deservedly-beloved brother. Madame Waldsée and her daughter were too wise and considerate to interrupt or to endeavour to assuage these natural feelings. They knew that suppressed grief is always the most corroding, and therefore suffered Eugenia's

sorrow to vent itself undisturbed, knowing that the next day would bring Charles and consolation. This was the case; and the meeting of these dear children was truly gratifying to their friends: Eugenia was anxious to conceal every trace of weeping or unhappiness on her intelligent countenance; and Charles, who really felt encouraged and flattered by his first reception at the palace, brought with him a face full of gratitude and satisfaction.

Continually diverted by new objects, Charles soon ceased to regret his change of dwelling, and his visits to Eugenia were employed in relating the magnificence and splendour of the prince. Sometimes he enthusiastically described the sumptuousness of his apartments, and the richness and elegance of his equipages; then he would enumerate all the noblemen and persons of distinction who visited him, without omitting one of the titles, orders, ribbons, &c. with which they were decorated. Eugenia listened in silent awe, but, if M. Waldsée happened to be present at these conversations, he would smile and shrug up his shoulders, circumstances which Charles thought very extraordinary, and tried in vain to account for.

After he had been at the palace about a month or six weeks, the professor asked him how the prince treated him, and if the young Camillus was amiable. Not knowing what to reply, Charles hesitated; the prince had only spoken to him once on the day of his arrival; since then he had not even seen him. The question whether Camillus was amiable embarrassed him still more, and, before he gave an answer, he first considered with himself what was requisite to make a person amiable or beloved? "In the first place he must be himself susceptible of attachment, but I do not think my prince is so. He should be gay, lively, and good-humored to his equals, and kind and attentive to every body: Camillus possesses none of these qualities; he is cold and silent in the drawing-room, arrogant to his tutor, and rude to me. It is impossible for me to advocate this behaviour conscientiously, or without appearing deceitful; therefore, I will be as silent as possible." In conformity with this principle, Charles avoided discovering his opinion of the Teutschen family, and always spoke of them with the greatest circumspection.

Eugenia had also her little disagreeables, which she did not venture to confide to her

brother, lest he should blame her. The kindness of her benefactors made her feel quite at home, and restored all her vivacity, and she forgot that she was not with a father and mother, always tenderly disposed to excuse the giddiness of youth. M. Waldsée, though very learned and benevolent, was extremely economical, maintaining that all superfluity is injurious to social order, and that waste alone causes the ruin of many. He was, besides, very methodical: every pursuit had its stated hour, the regular division and employment of time was practised, and a book was never taken out of his study without being returned to its place, so that he could always immediately find what he wanted; an excellent mode of saving himself both trouble and impatience. Youth seldom dreams of economy, and strict and methodical vigilance never entered the head of poor Eugenia: M. Waldsée found her careless and giddy, and he sometimes told her so with impatience. If she went into his study she was always in a bustle, throwing down books and picking them up again, running against piles of papers and upsetting them, and, if she approached the scrutoire, so well did she perform

her promise of taking care, that in two minutes letters, manuscripts, papers, and books, were all in such confusion, that it was the employment of an hour to arrange them again: if she sat down to write, she tore a large sheet of paper, cut away two or three pens, and blotted her copy; and, if she took a book, she threw it open and upside down upon the first table she came near, or else turned over the leaves, folding them or making dogs' ears, a practice which sadly annoys those who know the value of books. It was seldom she did not commit some such fault in her visits to M. Waldsée's study: he became angry, Eugenia blushed, begged his pardon, and embraced him, and peace was restored, at least for the day.

On quitting the study new trials awaited her; order was Madame Waldsée's favorite virtue, and it was necessary that Eugenia should acquire it. When she first went to the professor's house, as we have seen, she was told not to indulge in noisy play before Madame Waldsée, with which she complied; but this constraint was slight compared to the care she was obliged to take of her clothes and person. The slightest neglect in these points occasioned her severe re-

proaches; ornament was not desired, but she was required to be very careful and neat. Until now, Eugenia never knew what minute order was: at the death of her mother she was too young to observe; the schoolmistress in nothing resembled the professor's lady. M. Waldsée's house, devoid of gilding or superfluous ornament, was simple, neat, and elegant; it was not sufficient for the chamber or the drawing-room to be clean; that was the servants' affair; but the care of keeping it so all day devolved on Louisa and Eugenia. A little dust on a table or a vase, a rumple in a curtain, a chair not exactly in its place, the merest trifle annoyed the invalid, and, in order to please her, it was necessary to see and repair every thing immediately. These minute observations should be well timed and made with address, otherwise they lose their effect, and become tiresome. Continued ill health rendered Madame Waldsée a little capricious, but she was so kind and gentle, that it would have been ungrateful to complain or to disoblige her.

Under the tuition of such a mother, Louisa excelled in all kinds of work, useful and ornamental, another source of torment to Eugenia.

The poor little girl could never please her; there was always something not exactly as it should be; and she redoubled her efforts to approach as near as possible to her friend. While at work she desired to amuse herself by conversation, but even this pleasure was denied: Louisa, naturally reserved and silent, was in the habit of working all day without speaking a word, with as much assiduity as a sempstress at her task, and, when Charles did not pay them a visit, Eugenia was obliged to do the same. What a punishment for so impatient and lively a child! but there was no alternative; no kind friend, pitying her situation, came to take her from the tiresome monotony, and put her in a boarding school with twenty or thirty young companions. Poor Eugenia! her inexperience was such that she knew not that M. Waldsée's house was the best school she could be in.

Charles insensibly became accustomed to the splendor of the princes de Teutschen, and their pomp no longer dazzled him. He examined more closely the proprietors of these superb palaces, and he came to the conclusion that the magnificence of the great does not compensate for their slavery. Charles saw M. de Teutschen

only in the drawing room, but even there found him really to be pitied; always grave and cold, he slightly regarded his parasites, who were incessantly reminded, by his manner, of the distance between them. Every movement in the palace was subjected to etiquette; the master was never approached without ceremony; and even his son behaved to him with the most tedious formality. In public, his highness conversed only with his equals, and, if any one presumed to express an opinion contrary to his own, he immediately turned his head away in silence. He transmitted his orders to his people through the medium of a third person, a gentleman whom he honoured by this mark of favor. In his own house he always occupied the first place; in those of others he took possession of it. However numerous the company in which he was, he always seemed alone, to say nothing of the contemptuous light in which he appeared to consider every body around him. Often, to utter an insignificant word, he would interrupt a person in the midst of an interesting narrative, or even of a sentence, without condescending to make the slightest apology. Yet these slights did not prevent people from seeking the honor

of his notice; he was the first person in the city, and the reputation of frequenting his court was a passport to society of all ranks.

The young people agreed very well for the first two or three months; Camillus was very gracious to Charles, considering him as a complaisant playfellow; Charles gave way to him, and passed over his insulting familiarity, never forgetting his situation, or the distance which fortune had placed between them. Happy would it be for many grown up persons if they were as prudent! Charles's mildness deceived the young prince, who thought him devoid of character or mind, and imagined that, esteeming himself sufficiently happy in having the honor to approach him, that he would give way to all his caprices.

M. Solms, his tutor, was the youngest son of a noble German family, but without fortune. He was recommended to M. de Teutschen by a brother of the emperor, and was therefore, in a manner at liberty to do what he chose, that is, to go out and return, without his actions being controlled; but he was not fortunate enough to acquire the prince's confidence, or the affection of his pupil. The former gave his son a tutor

as a companion to assist him in his studies, rather than as an instructor; the descendant of the noble family of Teutschen must, of necessity, be sensible, clever, and quick at learning, and, in this persuasion, the prince for two years daily saw M. Solms at his table, without once enquiring the progress of his pupil. Instead of advancing, Camillus forgot the little he had learnt, and gave himself up to his idle inclinations, which the proud indifference of his father tended to confirm, well knowing how he would receive a complaint, sometimes threatened, when his preceptor was really provoked by his indolence, to which he generally shut his eyes.

Affairs were in this state, when a brother of M. de Teutschen, who held one of the first dignities in the church, visited Comorna. It so happened that he was present at one of the lessons of his noble nephew, whom he found to be profoundly ignorant. The prelate made no observations, but M. Solms blushed for his pupil: he afterwards reflected that the world would blame him for Camilla's ignorance, and, for his own justification, he thought it necessary to complain to M. de Teutschen of his excessive inattention. The next day, accompanying the

youth into the prince's closet, he told him of Camilla's mortal aversion to study,—that he was exceedingly deficient, because he would neither listen to him or attend to his lessons. "I should think myself culpable," added he, "if I any longer delayed informing your highness of the ill success of the important charge you have committed to my care; I must beg you to interpose your authority to induce the prince to alter his conduct, and I hope that the remonstrances of a father will be of more effect than my representations." M. Solms here paused; the prince's eyes were fixed on a letter which he held in his hand: without regarding the tutor, he turned to his son, who was looking at some pictures quite unmindful of what was passing; "I beg, sir, in future," said he, "that you will spare me the mortification of hearing that my son is ignorant and obstinate:" then, turning on his heel, without taking the least notice of M. Solms, he left the room. M. Solms bit his lip, secretly resolving never again to expose himself to M. de Teutschen's haughty insolence. He could not afford to resign his situation; he, therefore, concealed his chagrin, and left the study, with Camillus, who, quite triumphant, was unfeeling

enough to laugh at this cruel contempt of his tutor. M. Solms shrugged up his shoulders, and bore all in silence.

The preceptor's representation, however, was not without effect: the prince was much grieved at it; his pride prevented him from openly acknowledging his son's ignorance; but he was secretly persuaded of the truth of M. Solms's complaint. Some days after, M. Waldsée came to pay his respects at the palace; he consulted him, and the admission of Charles was, as we have seen, the result of this interview.

CHAPTER XIII.

M. SOLMS, well aware that a prince is considered perfect, and that it is dangerous to endeavour to prove the contrary, left his pupil to his own inclinations, and his other masters followed his example. They came to the palace at the stated hours, gave very short lessons, to which the prince never attended, received their tickets, and took their leave. These accommodating masters were never heard to complain of their pupil, and if by chance they hinted at a slight fault it was done with so finesse and mildness, that they rather seemed to be asking the noble youth's pardon for the liberty they took. This servility flattered the young man's vanity, he made no further progress; but then he liked his teachers.

Charles had not the power of exciting his emulation. At first Camillus seemed humbled at seeing him so superior to himself, but that feeling soon wore off, at the hour of study he

lolled idly upon a sopha near the table at which Charles was busy, his looks seeming to say, "Why should I give myself the trouble of learning? I am rich, and a prince; as to this poor boy, he must yield to necessity."

M. Teutschen had told Charles, before M. Solms, that he was to receive the same lessons as his son; therefore, the drawing, music, and other masters, had full employment. Charles, eager to learn, and blessing the happy chance which favoured him, lost not a moment; without being acquainted with the great, he seemed aware of their inconstancy, and hastened to profit by an opportunity of which he might be deprived at a moment's warning. His instructors, delighted with his eagerness, paid him the greatest attention; they cared not for Camillus's backwardness, because it was evident to every body that it was his own fault and not theirs. Charles resigned compliments and respects to Camillus, but he alone profited by their lessons, and at the end of a few months had made great progress in all his studies. Another cause which contributed to his improvement was, knowing that Eugenia could not enjoy the same advantages as himself, and

always desirous that they should possess every good in common, he considered it his duty to give her all the lessons which he received; thus she owed most of her accomplishments to her brother, and the advantage of having a slight but very just knowledge of the art of pleasing. Charles had been about six months with the Teutchens, when the prince one day desired his son to shew him one of his Latin exercises; Camillus, without saying a word to our hero, went to his portfolio, took one therefrom, and shewed it to his father, saying, Charles had copied it for him. The prince believed him, the exercise was well done, and he was much pleased. Camillus blushed not at receiving praises which did not belong to him; delighted at the success of his trick, in the same way he frequently gave Charles's exercises and mathematical problems as his own. Charles perceived the theft, but was too generous to divulge the mean fraud. "It is of little consequence to me," said he, "that Camillus abuses his power by stealing away the praise that is due to me; Prince Teutschen is not my father.—Oh! if he were living, what would I not do to gain his good opinion! But I am here among strangers, and masters, to

whom my improvement is indifferent. Then," he added, with warmth, "Camillus, I envy you neither your riches or titles, I envy you only the happiness of possessing a father who loves you."

The rarest and most magnificent objects seen near and every day lose their charms: it is the necessary consequence of habit, and so our hero proved it. Fatigued by the ceremonious bustle of the palace, and by the company of a haughty, despotic, ill-disposed young man, whose greatest pleasure was in circumventing him, or inventing fables to his discredit, his only happy hours were passed at M. Waldsée's. The philosophy of that honest amiable man was in unison with his feelings; this excellent friend perceived that Charles began to acquire experience, and that the empty splendour of vain glorious pomp no longer blinded his judgment. He seldom spoke of his noble protectors, and still less of their magnificence. If Louisa or Eugenia accidentally asked him any questions relative to them, he answered in few words; he never had any thing new to tell them. M. Waldsée smiled; "Alas!" thought he, "it is

thus that all splendid illusions vanish,—virtue alone always appears more beautiful!"

On one of Charles's visits home, he met with a man whom he had never before seen, and whose appearance much surprised him. His manner was at once austere and benevolent, his language breathed kindness and humanity, and yet he was wanting in the commonest rules of politeness. He was dressed with remarkable simplicity, though with great carefulness; and though he had never seen our hero before, he addressed him in the second person. The young man's surprise amused M. and Mad. Waldsée much, and, when this singular personage had taken his leave, the former turned to Charles: "You must perceive a great difference, my young friend, between this man and the courtiers whom you see at the prince's." Charles replied in the affirmative. "These are the two extremes," continued M. Waldsée, "and I would advise you to imitate neither; however this one may present the appearance of all that is good and honest; in my opinion, ostentation, even in goodness, is blameable: the sage practises virtue for its own sake, and not for the sake of being remarked. "But," added he, "I

must inform you to what sect my friend belongs. He is a Quaker; this name, I imagine, is new to you, I will explain it. The Roman Catholic religion prevails in Austria, Bavaria, Cologne, Mayence, &c.; but Lutherans and Calvinists predominate in the other states of this great empire; there are also many Jews, Anabaptists, Hussites, and Quakers. These are all the names of *Sects*; a sect usually signifies a society who separate from the established religion of a country, to follow opinions of their own. The Anabaptists first made their appearance during the tempestuous times when Lutheranism changed the face of Europe. These innovators, who supported themselves on certain assumed dogmas of the primitive church, rebelled against every institution, civil or religious; but, being the enemies of all kinds of subordination, they could not, on their primitive principles, form a church. Opposed and dispersed in all quarters, their sect soon fell into contempt, and its only glory, perhaps, is that of having contributed to the foundation of the Quakers.

"The humane and pacific sect of Quakers, arose in England during the troubles which conducted Charles I. to the scaffold. Their

founder was a man of the name of George Fox, the son of a silk-weaver of Leicestershire. Being much inclined to the consideration of religious subjects, he quitted the loom in disgust; and, in order to detach himself from all ties of country or friends, he broke off all connexion with his family. He would have no fixed place of abode, straying over the country with no other companion than his bible; and, when he had imbibed sufficient inspiration from the prophets and apostles, preaching from village to village, chiefly against war and the clergy. In a country torn by religious dissensions, Fox soon had a crowd of disciples in his train; the simplicity of their dress excited much wonder. Without embroidery, lace, or ruffles, they banished all which they called ornament or superfluity, no plaits in their clothes, not even a button on their hats, because it was unnecessary. This singular contempt for fashion announced them to be more virtuous than other men, from whom they thus distinguished themselves by their modest exterior.

"All outward forms, according to Raynal, which pride and tyranny impose on weakness, became odious to the quakers, who would neither have

masters or servants. They condemned all titles as pride in those who usurped them, and servility in those who respected them; they neither acknowledged highness nor eminence; and so far they were in the right: but they also refused the mutual respect which we call politeness; and here they were wrong. 'The name of *Friend*,' said they, 'should be refused to no one among citizens and Christians.' In their opinion, respect was a ridiculous and ceremonious constraint, and to uncover the head in salutation was wanting in self-respect. Even the magistrate could not extort from them any exterior mark of consideration; and, returning to the ancient dignity of language, they addressed men, and even monarchs, in the second person.

"The austerity of their morals ennobled the singularity of their manners. To bear arms they considered a crime; if to attack, it was sinning against humanity; if in defence, offending against Christianity. Their gospel was universal peace; if a blow was given to a quaker, he turned the other cheek; if his coat was demanded, he gave his cloak also. These just men never exacted more than a legitimate price

in merchandise, from which they never deviated. To swear before an earthly tribunal, even the truth, seemed a prostitution of the name of the Supreme Being, for miserable contentions between weak and mortal creatures. Their contempt for politeness in civil life, led to an aversion for the ceremonies of religious worship, and they would have no clergy. Each member supposed himself to receive the Holy Spirit direct from above; and, when they were assembled, the first who felt inspired rose and revealed his inspirations: even the women were endowed with this gift of speech. Sometimes several of these brothers in God spoke at once, but more frequently a profound silence reigned in the assembly. The enthusiasm produced by these meditations and discourses, frequently had such an effect upon the nerves of these sectaries, as to occasion convulsive moments; and hence their name of *quakers*, or *tremblers*. If their mania had only been ridiculed, it might at length have been cured; but it was rendered contagious by persecution. Whilst other sects were encouraged, this was pursued and tormented; and the madhouse, the whip, and the pillory, were applied to these devotees, whose only crime was that of

wishing to be more reasonable and virtuous than other people. Their patience and magnanimity under their sufferings first excited pity, and afterwards admiration. Even Cromwell, after being one of their most violent persecutors, because they insinuated themselves into his camp to disgust the soldiers with their sanguinary and destructive profession, gave them public proofs of his esteem, and had the policy to endeavour to gain them over to his party, that their support might obtain him more respect and consideration, but they eluded or rejected all his overtures.

"Such, my dear Charles, were the quakers, the founders of Pennsylvania, the most celebrated of whom was William Penn, the only one really worthy of the attention of posterity. You doubtless know," continued M. Waldsée, "that Pennsylvania is one of the provinces of the United States of North America, and that its founder, from whom it has taken its name, was the son of Sir William Penn, one of the admirals who commanded the fleet sent by the protector to attack St. Domingo." "I know very little of this part of the history of America," replied Charles. "Well, then," said Madame

Waldsée, "perhaps M. Waldsée will be so kind as to inform you of it, and we shall all profit by his instruction."

"With all my heart," answered the professor: "Pennsylvania, known formerly by the name of the New Netherlands, was subject to the Dutch and Swedes; Sir William Penn drove them from it, and obtained a grant of the territory from Charles II. in lieu of the payment of sums due to him from the crown. At his death, his son, William Penn, inherited this country, where as yet no establishment was formed, and he became at once the richest and most celebrated of the quakers. His sect being persecuted in England, he formed the design of establishing it in America; and accordingly embarked with two vessels, filled with quakers, for his new state, which thenceforward bore the name of Pennsylvania, or "the forest of Penn;" this event took place in 1683. Penn, equally wise and humane, commenced by forming a league with the Indians, his neighbours; and, instead of going to war with them according to the atrocious custom of the Europeans, he gained their friendship. It has been remarked that this is the only treaty between these people

and the Christians which has not been sworn to, and the only one which has been held sacred.

Penn, the sovereign, was also the legislator, of Pennsylvania; and the principal and only basis of all his institutions, was civil and religious liberty, in its greatest latitude. All sects were tolerated, and every man who was deserving, had a right to a place among them, whatever might be his religion. No law could be made without the consent of the people, and affairs of simple goodwill were submitted to regulations. A constituted court espoused the cause of the widow and orphan; and lawsuits, free from the shackles of knavery, were quickly decided by wise judges. The beneficence and justice of Penn extended to the Indian tribes, instead of profiting by the right of his grant, he bought the lands of the savages as far as, and beyond the Susquehanna, wisely considering, that, being the original proprietors, they might seek to regain them by force of arms. This colony is the only one in the foundation of which justice has been consulted, and which has not cost human blood. Penn's laws, founded on the solid basis of the rights of nations, are still preserved unbroken, and to

these Pennsylvania owes its rapid progress. There still remain many quakers in that country; and all travellers agree in speaking well of them. Their abrupt manners at first cause them to be regarded as eccentric; but when this first impression is overcome, we discover so much frankness, sincerity, humanity, and fine and pure morality, that we esteem and love them as our friends, almost without perceiving it.

"William Parr, our late visitor," continued M. Waldsée, "commonly resides in the United States, in the town of Boston, the capital of Massachusetts. In consequence of some mercantile business, he has visited England and Germany, and it is now about a year since he came to Comorna with his wife and three daughters. The union of this family is as admirable as its simplicity is remarkable; virtue is so familiar to them that they practsie all its duties without effort. William is employed in his affairs, whilst his wife and daughters are occupied in the details of the household; each has her share allotted to her, and all is performed with silence and order; his house is truly the abode of peace and affection. Their servants are treated with humanity; and when

there is occasion to reprimand them, it is always done with mildness. They are well paid, well fed and clothed, and carefully nursed when ill; but they are always kept at a distance, and never suffered to interfere in family concerns. Their duty done, they withdraw, and thus they are not subjected to their indiscretion, and the disagreeable consequences attendant upon it. Madame Parr, whom they call Nancy, talks very little, but never opens her mouth without making some lively or agreeable observation; and her sound sense, joined to a most amiable disposition, render her a most valuable woman.

"Her daughters, whom I would willingly have here continually, are modest, gentle, and industrious; you may judge of their appearance by that of their father. They never wear ornaments, ribbons, or laces; but that does not prevent them from prepossessing in their favour those who are fortunate enough to see them. As to visiting, I know but four families, ourselves included, that have the honour of being admitted into their society. Those who possess this favour should prize it highly; the quakers make no professions, but their friendship is sincere, and they give proofs of it whenever they find

occasion. Hospitable and charitable, they have no greater pleasure than that of assisting the unfortunate; and for this they lay up the fruit of their economy, and, as they have few wants, they possess the secret of giving much without being rich."

The professor here paused.

"Oh, sir," cried Charles, "what a delightful picture you have drawn of the quakers and of William Parr, how much I respect him!"

"I am not surprised at it, my dear Charles," answered M. Waldsée, "I think, too, that his acquaintance would give you much pleasure: for independently of his valuable qualities, every thing which is new or out of the common way pleases youth; but if you are prudent, you will only see him here. I would not have him make a proselyte of you; and there is not so great a distance as you may imagine between Alexander and Diogenes."

CHAPTER XIV.

Among the masters of Prince Camillus, was a young French painter, named Leo Duffel, a pupil of the celebrated David. This young man gave his instructions to Charles with all the marks of true interest, and, observing his extreme intelligence, did his utmost to advance him in his art; he could not have taken more pains had Charles been his brother. The latter grateful for his kindness, shewed by his conduct and attention, that he was deserving of it. To gain Duffel's praise, Charles would have made any exertion; and he feared nothing so much as his displeasure. This emulation, joined to his natural talent for drawing, caused him to make a great progress.

Duffel understood Camillus well, and it was not without surprise that he saw Charles submit so easily to his caprices: he knew not that this interesting young man, isolated in Germany, could not, without the greatest imprudence,

lightly quit a house like that of M. Teutschen. Charles heartily wished to take his leave, but, fearing to act hastily, waited for a happy chance to free him from the weighty and insupportable slavery. This deliverance at length arrived, though not in the most desirable form.

One day M. Solms took the young men for a walk on the borders of the Danube; his attention being attracted by some object, he was soon far behind Camillus and Charles; the former, seizing the opportunity, approached Charles, and, taking him by the arm, thus addressed him:

"I want you to do me a favour, Charles: but I warn you that, if you refuse, you will repent it." He continued, "I have had a quarrel this morning with Braun, one of my father's valets de chambre, who behaved very impertinently to me, and even carried his insolence so far as to tell me that I was badhearted and wicked; I reproved him, but, far from making any apology, this was his answer: 'Your titles, sir, do not impose upon me, I value you justly, and as you deserve; you can complain to the prince if you choose, my answer is ready:' you see, Charles, that I have good reason to be

offended with this man, but what vexes me is, that I dare not complain of him to my father; he is an old and favourite servant, and,—and,—I,—I,—fear,—I have not always behaved properly to him. He must be silent, and I must be revenged."

Charles listened without replying; Camillus was surprized at his silence:

"Will you then do nothing for me, Charles?" asked he.

"I must first know, prince, what you require of me."

"Oh, what delicacy! it well becomes you to possess such fine sentiments! However, I must lose no time, but hasten to tell you my intentions; for we may not again be alone to-day. Now, I want you to take my watch, and put it into Braun's room; you must hide it in one of his drawers, or boxes, or any where, it's all the same; I would do it myself, but I'm afraid of being noticed going into his room; whether you are seen or not is of no consequence." Camillus paused, and looked earnestly at Charles.

"Why so much mystery?" asked the latter, "why not send for Braun, and give him the watch yourself?"

"How stupid you are, Charles! don't you understand that he must not see it!"

"Well, then, what must he do with it?"

"Why, I will pretend that I cannot find it, then, his room being searched, my father will think he stole it, and he will be sent away."

Charles was dumb with indignation and astonishment; Camillus perceived the effect which his black design produced on the honest young man, but, far from blushing at it, he added in a menacing tone, "If you do not choose to assist me, Charles, you had better take care of yourself, for, you may depend upon it, I shall accuse you."

"Me!" cried poor Charles, "what can you say of me?"

"I will say you are a thief."

"I defy you to prove it."

"Well! we shall see."

Mr. Solms now coming up to them, Camillus, practised in deceit, concealed the projects of his wicked mind under a romping gaiety; their walk lasted for about an hour, and they were thinking of returning when, M. Solm's attention being again called off, Camillus resumed the conversation.

"Have you reflected on my request, Charles?" said he.

"Yes, prince."

"And have you decided?"

"Quite."

"There I recognise my friend! depend upon it, Charles, I shall not be ungrateful. Here," continued he, "take my watch, and put it in your pocket; you can hide it in Braun's room the first time you have an opportunity."

"Take your watch back, prince."

"What for? it is better that you should have it in your possession."

"What can I do with it?"

"But—I—I thought, Charles—"

"Yes, prince, you thought that poor Charles, condemned by fate to eat the bread of dependence, had a servile and base soul; I am happy to say, you are deceived; I have decided—to do nothing that honor can disapprove; I would rather be your victim, than the accomplice of such an infamous transaction."

"Very well, sir!" cried Camillus furiously, "you have pronounced your own sentence!" and, before Charles was aware of his intention, he threw his watch into the river.

The next day the young prince failed not to tell his father that his watch was missing, and that he had reason to believe that it was in Charles's possession, who, perhaps, tempted by his own poverty, had stolen it. The prince immediately sent for M. Solms, who was more surprised at the accusation, as Camillus had not said a word to him about it. He endeavoured to justify Charles, and even ventured to ask the young prince what proof he had of the theft. Camillus made no other answer than continually repeating, "that he was quite sure of it." The prince did not believe the accusation, and imagined that Camillus employed this stratagem to get rid of Charles. He secretly disapproved of it, but, too proud to expose his son to the contempt of an inferior, he preferred sacrificing unsupported innocence. "It is sufficient," said he to M. Solms, who continued to defend Charles, "it is sufficient that we dismiss this young man: send him away, and let me hear no more about him."

M. Solms, in consternation, knew not how to impart this news to Charles; after many attempts, he at length broke silence: "Oh, my dear Charles!—it cannot be, it must be false,—

you, in whom I have always remarked such elevated sentiments, you are accused of a theft! for heaven's sake be sincere, Charles; if you are really guilty, repentance may atone for your crime, and I will exert myself to the utmost to obtain for you the prince's pardon." Charles listened with composure, and thanked him for the interest he took in him: "Sir," said he, "if until this day I have been so fortunate as to possess your good opinion, I entreat you to believe me still worthy of it."

The language of truth cannot be misunderstood, and M. Solms was convinced of Charles's innocence. He questioned him, to draw from him some explanation of the reason of this strange accusation,—for he saw that, though shocked at its atrocity, Charles did not seem greatly surprised at it,—but in vain; he could obtain no answer from him. Charles begged, as a favor, that his clothes might be searched; he undressed himself, and had every part of his dress examined; he then took his leave of M. Solms, and quitted this superb palace, where, under the brilliant livery of luxury, he had experienced nothing but pain.

Charles repaired to M. Waldsée, and related

his adventure with his usual frankness. The wise professor doubted not the truth of his narrative, but confined himself to the part of a listner, thinking it unjust to condemn Camillus, without hearing both sides. His first impulse was to go immediately to the palace, and demand an explanation, but his knowledge of the prince led him to believe that such a step would injure Charles rather than benefit him; he knew that he would not hesitate to sacrifice his character, rather than expose his son. Whilst in this uncertainty, God, the protector of the weak, came to the aid of the honest orphan. Charles had scarcely left the palace, when a stranger enquired for M. Solms, and, being shown into his apartment, announced himself as a waterman, and stated that the preceding day he was lying half asleep in his boat, when he was roused by seeing prince Camillus pass by, accompanied by M. Solms and another young gentleman. M. Solms was walking some distance behind, and the prince was talking very earnestly, when suddenly, and seemingly in a great passion, he took out his watch, and threw it into the river. Fortunately, however, instead of going into the water, it fell into his boat; and, after examining

the value of it, he very honestly brought it to the palace, but could not be admitted to the prince, it being the hour of visiting. On concluding this account, he presented the watch to M. Solms, and the latter, happy at being able to prove Charles's innocence, immediately conducted him to the prince's closet, where was also his son. The waterman repeated to his highness what he had before told the preceptor, and at the same time M. Solms showed the watch, of which the glass was broken: Camillus changed colour.

"I'm sure I didn't throw the watch into the water," said he, with impatience.

"Oh, sir," answered the waterman, "I have had the honor of seeing you more than once, and I know you very well; you were walking and talking with another young gentleman, when suddenly, and no doubt in joke, you jerked your arm, and the watch which you held in your hand, fell directly into my boat; perhaps it has escaped your memory. I know very well that such a thing is but a trifle to a prince, but, as I found it, I thought it my duty to return it to his highness, trusting to his generosity for the small remuneration he may think I deserve."

During this speech M. de Teutschen was ill

at ease; he fixed his eyes on the ground, and appeared lost in thought. Camillus, interpreting his father's silence to his own advantage, continued repeating, "I can't think what the man means; I never threw the watch into the water!" The prince, wishing to put an end to a scene in which his son played such a disgraceful part, desired M. Solms to give the waterman a piece of gold; then, turning to Camillus, with a severe look, gave him his watch. The man took his leave well satisfied; and M. Solms heartily rejoiced to see the prince, for once, convinced of his son's misconduct.

M. Waldsée went to the palace as soon as delicacy would permit; the prince received him as usual, but made not the slightest mention of Charles. An attentive observer might, however, have perceived, in the manners of his highness, a something of kindness, which, considering his general haughtiness, almost amounted to an excuse. M. Waldsée understood it, and, satisfied with this proof of Charles's innocence, took his leave, and proceeded to visit M. Solms; Camillus was with him, but, at the sight of the professor, he appeared confused, and, fearing an explanation, left the room. His

departure left the gentlemen at liberty: M. Solms commenced by eulogizing Charles, declaring that he had never for a moment believed him guilty; but that Camillus's ascendancy over his father would have entirely prevailed over his innocence, had it not been for the most singular accident. He then related all that had passed at the visit of the waterman. M. Waldsée felt much relieved and gratified, and, in his turn, repeated all that Charles had told him. After some reflections on the inconvenience of high rank, and the misery of dependence, these estimable men parted. On his return home, M. Waldsée related all that he had heard. Charles felt most thankful for his escape, though, at the same time, he could not help pitying Camillus; he felt that the first steps of a young man in the world are the most important, as they attract general notice, and conclusions are formed which, if to his disadvantage, either quite ruin, or materially injure, his future prospects in life.

CHAPTER XV.

Duffel was truly grieved at his young friend's absence, and, unable to comprehend the cause of it, was at last unable to keep silence any longer, and asked M. Solms. The latter avoided giving the true reason, and briefly replied, that he had returned to M. Waldsée's. As soon as his lesson was concluded, Duffel hastened thither, and the professor himself, being at home, told him to what injustice Charles had been a victim during his residence at M. de Teutchens, and the infamous affair which caused his return. The painter's indignation was equal to the affection he felt for Charles; and the professor leaving them together, Duffel eagerly seized his hand.

"What do you intend to do, Charles?" enquired he. "I know not," said Charles, "I must do something; I should be ashamed to be a burden to my generous protector, who already does too much for Eugenia; I should be un-

grateful and wicked if I did not make every effort to procure employment."

"Have you thought of any plan?"

"No, not yet."

"Has M. Waldsée any thing in view for you?"

"I believe not; he seems to fear embroiling me with another Camillus."

"Why don't you make yourself independent?"

"How can I? I am destitute of fortune, far from my country and friends, and without parents."

"But then you have talents. M. Solms says you are quite competent to teach Latin."

"M. Solms says so!"

"Yes; and that is not the only part you can take."

"But where shall I get pupils?"

"That will be no great difficulty. M. Waldsée alone can procure them for you: his profound learning and rare merit render him the oracle of the city: it is only for him to recommend you, and you will soon have sufficient employment?"

"But how shall I venture to make such a proposal to my benefactor? I fear he will think me very presumptuous."

"Well then, if you are so modest, I will speak to him: if he disapproves of the plan, I will submit, having much more confidence in his judgment than in my own. One more question, and I have done: if you give lessons, can you continue to live with M. Waldsée without inconveniencing him?"

"No, my friend, I am sure I cannot; I see that my stay in his house deranges his habits and plans, and he is very methodical."

"Will you then, dear Charles,—will you come and live with me?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, most willingly, dear Duffel, if M. Waldsée will consent."

"That is just what I wished; now remember, my friend, that every thing is to be in common between us; we will have no *yours* or *mine*, but will live like brothers."

Charles embraced Duffel fervently; he wanted words to express his feelings. M. Waldsée approved of his advice; and, making enquiries concerning the character of the young painter, consented to their living together, and thus fulfilled all their wishes.—Hitherto it had been quite impossible for Charles to pay a visit to the good old fisherman; he sometimes heard of him

through M. Waldsée, but that did not satisfy him; he did not forget that to him he owed the inestimable friend who protected him, and that he was the first source of the favors which fortune had showered upon him. Justly thinking that he could not have a more favorable opportunity than the present to acquit his debt of gratitude, he was anxious that this little journey should not be delayed. M. Waldsée approved of his desire, Eugenia jumped for joy, and, every one being agreed, a day was fixed to dine with the fisherman. Madame Waldsée, whose health would not permit her to be of the party, would not deprive Louisa of the pleasure, and the Quakers' daughters also accompanied them. The moment arrived, a coach was laden with old wine and provisions of all kinds, and M. Waldsée delicately took advantage of this opportunity to give some assistance to the old man without wounding his delicacy.

They set off very early in the morning, and arrived at his dwelling in good time. The noise of a carriage was an extraordinary event to the fisherman, and, supposing that somebody had lost their way in the wood, he came out to their assistance. His surprise may be conceived at the sight

of M. Waldsée, who first alighted; Charles, Eugenia, and Louisa, next jumped from the carriage, and almost overpowered him by their caresses. Their noisy joy brought out Joseph and Frederick: the latter had now been some days with his father; he had obtained leave of absence, and came to pay his duty to the old man on his success; his valour had caused him to be promoted, and, after a brilliant action, he received a subaltern's commission on the field of battle. The praises of M. Waldsée, and the congratulations of his young friends, were particularly grateful to the young soldier, and the day was one of complete happiness. In the midst of their pleasure, Charles and Eugenia suddenly remembered Busseuil, the hermit. "He is no more," said M. Quedelin; "overcome by grief and suffering, he died here in Christian sentiments." To dissipate all gloomy ideas, M. Quedelin asked Eugenia if she remembered Louison? "Oh yes, indeed," answered she, "and I shall be very glad to see her." Louison soon made her appearance, dressed in her Sunday clothes, and Charles and Eugenia affectionately embraced her. The carriage was next unloaded, and one of the rooms of the little

hut was nearly filled with its contents. Whilst M. Waldsée and M. Quedelin were engaged in conversation, the young people ran into the wood, visited the fisherman's little garden, and left not a corner unseen. The same things which before seemed so disgusting to Eugenia were now beheld with a sensation of pleasure: she saw them with the eyes of gratitude, which embellishes and ennobles the meanest trifle. After taking a long walk, they spread a large table-cloth upon the grass, and, gathering some fresh leaves, placed on them a variety of cold provisions, pastry, and fruit; then, placing themselves upon the ground, they enjoyed their rural repast more than they would have done a feast in the most superb palace. All here were at liberty to speak their thoughts; the friends listened with interest to each other's adventures; if they had been happy, they all rejoiced; if unhappy, their troubles excited universal sympathy: all was sincerity, and a looker-on, observing this happy circle, would have thought the golden age was returned.

In the course of conversation, mention was made of the arrival of the French at Vienna, and M. Waldsée, addressing the old man, said that he

feared his retirement would be disturbed should a war take place. The fisherman assured him that he had scarcely perceived the existence of a foreign army in the country, and that he had as yet suffered neither in person or property. Frederick continued the subject: "The French," said he, "entered Vienna with the greatest order and propriety; one might have imagined that they were a body of auxiliary troops entering an allied city: in a few hours confidence was so firmly established, that most of the shops were open, and the victors and the vanquished seemed one people. I was present at the battle of Marienzel," continued he, "when our troops were beaten; on that occasion I did my duty, and laid many Frenchmen low; but I must confess they are kind friends, and generous enemies."

Charles pressed his hand in silence.

Their pleasure was now disturbed: it was evening, and time to return. On rising to depart, Frederick presented M. Waldsée with a fine buck, which he accepted with his usual grace. M. Quedelin and his sons conducted our party as far as the light would permit, but night soon obliged them to return; and they parted with much sorrow, promising soon to meet again.

Returned to town, M. Waldsée interested himself in Charles's behalf; Duffel was also very zealous in his endeavours; so that, in a short time, he had as many pupils as he could manage. He went to live with the young painter, who required, as he had at first said, that every thing should be in common, to which Charles consented: he was ignorant of the expense attendant upon housekeeping, and therefore could not appreciate the immense advantage he gained by this arrangement.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHARLES and Duffel in their little household lived in perfect union, they were both out until dinner time, and the remainder of the day was employed in painting. Duffel, an enthusiast in his art, delivered himself up to it with ardour; he flew from pleasures which might distract his attention, and when he quitted his pencil, it was still to converse with Charles upon subjects relating to it. The praises of David were constantly in his mouth, he elevated this artist above all others. According to him, his master possessed the genius of Michael Angelo, and the rich composition of Rubens: Le Brun was only worthy to be his pupil, and Correggio, Albano, &c. his imitators. Duffel was acquainted with the histories of the most celebrated painters, he took pleasure in relating them, and these narratives, to which Charles listened with great interest, decided him in his vocation. One day, Duffel, transported with joy at having in a certain painting approached as near as possible to

the talent of his master, was in such ecstacy, that a stranger would have thought him deranged. Charles, with his arms folded, contemplated him in silence; "What!" thought he, "is it possible that the fine arts can render a man so happy?" then extending his hand to Duffel; "My friend," cried he, "I will be a painter! it now depends upon you to make me so, I resign myself to your friendship!" Duffel replied by an embrace; this resolution gave him great pleasure, Charles appeared to him more amiable than ever, and from that moment, the master and pupil equally smitten with the love of their art, had no other desire than that of distinguishing themselves in it.

On his first arrivel at Duffel's, Charles had noticed with pleasure a picture belonging to his friend, which represented the Adoration of the Magi; and as his taste became more improved, he discovered new beauties in this composition, and complimented his friend upon it. "Your admiration is just," said Duffel, "but it is not I who merit it, this is only a very imperfect copy of a picture by the sublime Poussin, in the Luxembourg palace at Paris. David is my master," added he, "Le Poussin is my model, and if I can-

not attain his talent, I will at least endeavour to follow his example in private life."

"Pray, my friend," said Charles, tell me his history, that, like you, I may admire his conduct, and try to follow his example."

"Willingly," said Duffel, "Le Poussin was one of the greatest painters of his time, but became so entirely by his courage and self-denial. He was born of a noble though reduced family of Normandy, and his parents being too poor to procure him good masters, he first received lessons from inferior painters. His great application causing him to make rapid progress, he soon surpassed them, and his natural taste pointed out to him what was really fine. Poverty would have checked most others in their career, but Poussin knew how to vanquish even this evil, and in order to devote himself more entirely to study, and to have less uneasiness as to his subsistence, he often contented himself with bread and water. On arriving at the age of thirty, his talents became known, and by his employment he might have lived in ease and comfort; and had he been less enthusiastic in his art, he would have done so; but Poussin felt his own power, and knowing that he could go much

further, continued to instruct himself as before. As he could not now make further progress without studying the great masters of Italy, he went there, and in order to approach as near as possible to perfection, patiently endured the greatest poverty. His perseverance obtained its reward; he saw himself numbered among the greatest painters of his age, and at the same time he gained a distinction he did not expect, the character of a virtuous man; this glorious title he owed to his moderation and love of labour. This celebrated artist was born 1594, and died in 1665."

Charles was much struck with the relation of Poussin's noble perseverance, which led him to contrast the situation of that great artist with his own; he began to think that he had lived too luxuriously with Duffel since they had been together, and that the world would place the greatest share of the expence to Duffel's account. Duffel had pupils of the first rank, and his income was very good; he on the contrary got very little: it had been a tacit convention. "Duffel is very generous," thought Charles, "but is it right in me to abuse his generosity? Now I am aware and can estimate what we both

to pay for food and assistance, although if any stranger enters the house of a Moor, and finds him at his repast, he can sit down and partake without ceremony. Elsewhere, the duties of hospitality are exactly fulfilled, and a fine example is related by M. Folie, which is the subject of the picture. A chief of a band of robbers who sheltered themselves in the mountains, was one day informed of the departure of some French merchants from Santa Cruz, in Barbary, when, by order of the emperor, they were obliged to remove to the town of Mogador, which this prince was then building. The robbers believing there would be a rich booty, determined to attack them and pillage the caravan, and to this intent advanced from the mountains and concealed themselves in a narrow pass. Their troop consisted of 400 men; the escort of the caravan was also numerous, but would have been no match for the robbers; when a fortunate incident saved them from the snare spread for them. They were proceeding onward quite unaware of the threatened danger, when a heavy shower of rain which suddenly came on, obliged them to halt. Night was coming on, and the conductor of the caravan proposed to the merchants to change

their route and repair to the dwelling of the brigand, whom they knew to be one of the chiefs of the country; but were not aware that he was also a robber. They agreed to the proposal, and arriving at his habitation, unloaded their camels to shelter their merchandise from the rain. The chief of the robbers came out to receive them, and far from concealing from them their threatened danger, said that they must have been inspired by the prophet, since having taken shelter with him, they had nothing more to fear, as his religion commanded him to protect them, and that far from harming them, his troop should escort them to Mogador, to protect them from any more such surprises. He kept his word, and would receive no recompence either for himself or his people." Charles was much amused by this anecdote. "I admire," said he, "the thief who talks of religion, at the same time that he is ready to rob and murder any one for the love of gold."

"Such is the effect of ignorance and superstition; these examples are very frequent among the barbarous. The fact I am now going to relate," continued Duffel, turning to the other

picture, "presents an instance of one of the finest effects of the nobler feelings of man.

"Two young men, named Antiphilus and Demetrius, united by the bonds of a strict friendship, travelled together into Egypt, the one to study medicine, the other philosophy. Demetrius wishing to see the antiquities of the country, embarked on the Nile to go to Thebes, while Antiphilus remained at his studies. The former had been gone about six months, when a misfortune happened to Antiphilus which was near costing him his life. One of his slaves was associated with a gang of robbers who broke into the temple of Anubis, and appropriated the treasures it contained. In dividing the spoil, the statue of the god fell to his share, and fearful of its being seen, and leading to their discovery, he concealed it in his master's house. The thieves were soon after taken; the statue was found in the house of Antiphilus, who was suspected of being an accomplice, and was therefore arrested, and imprisoned. So impious and horrible did this action appear, that it was almost thought a crime to speak to him, and he was abandoned by every body.

His two remaining slaves took possession of all the property left in his house, and his gaoler, thinking to revenge his god, tormented him in a thousand ways. The miserable victim lying on the bare earth, could not extend his legs to sleep, because, at night, they were chained to a log of wood. In the day time, though he was not so heavily fettered, being stunned with the rattling of the chains of the criminals who were confined in the same dungeon, and almost suffocated by the close air which he breathed, he could get no rest. This horrible condition soon affected his health, he fell ill, and giving himself up to despair, he refused all nourishment, and steadily determining to starve himself to death. At this juncture Demetrius, who knew nothing of the affair, arrived in Egypt, and as soon as he was informed of it, ran in all haste to the prison, but could not see his friend that day, it being past the hour that visitors were admitted; he was therefore obliged to wait until the next, when, with great trouble, he obtained the permission that he so earnestly desired. He had scarcely less difficulty in recognizing his friend, so shockingly was he altered; he looked for him among his fellow prisoners, as we look for a dead man

upon the field after the day of battle; and if he had not called him by his name, he might have sought in vain. Antiphilus raised his head, and answered in a feeble voice; Demetrius greatly agitated, pushed the hair off his forehead, looked at him earnestly, and fainted; he soon, however, came to his senses, and, giving him all the consolation in his power, tore off the loathsome rags with which he was covered, and gave him his cloak. He then left him, to see what assistance he could procure; he had neither money nor credit, but friendship endowed him with boundless courage; after trying many schemes, he was at last reduced to hire himself as a porter to carry merchandise to and from the port, and after passing the day in this hard and degrading labour, in the evening he visited his friend, and carried him his earnings. At night they were separated, and Demetrius unable to remain far from Antiphilus, slept at the door of the prison, on a bed of dry grass and leaves.

"They continued this life for some months, but a criminal dying, it was supposed by unfair means, visitors were no longer permitted to enter the dungeon. Demetrius driven to despair by this unexpected blow, declared himself an ac-

complice in the crime of which Antiphilus was accused; he was confined with him, and even this was a favour which he had a great difficulty in obtaining. United in this abode of wretchedness, they alleviated their misery by conversation, and were comparatively happy in being able to watch over each other's health. At length fortune, weary of persecuting these innocent victims, took pity upon them. A fellow prisoner procuring a file, broke his own chains and those of his comrades, and after killing their guard, they all made their escape; our two friends alone remained, and retained their chains, preferring death to living in guilt and dishonour. The governor being informed of their singular conduct, furnished them with an opportunity to prove their innocence, and then gave them their liberty. Struck with admiration at their virtue, he made a present of a thousand drachms of silver to Antiphilus, and of double the sum to Demetrius, and the latter, generous as ever, gave the whole to his friend."

Charles's fine expressive countenance shewed the interest he took in this narrative; when it was finished, he took Duffel's hand with emotion, warmly exclaiming: "These were friends,

indeed! but there still exist such, and in such a case you, dear Duffel, would be no less generous." Duffel pressed his hand and was silent. Thus did these estimable young man pass their time in improving their minds, and cultivating their talents, and thus firmly cemented the bonds of a friendship which death only could dissolve.

Meantime, Charles did not forget his great obligations to M. Waldsée, and endeavoured to give him a proof of it. Such important services as his could never be fully repaid, but Charles was anxious to show his gratitude otherwise than by words alone. The story of the two friends had made a great impression upon him, and he accordingly painted a picture representing Demetrius bestowing his mantle upon Antiphilus, poor and miserable. He gave to the former the noble features and benign air of his benefactor; the figure of Antiphilus was hidden in the shade, but he was seen raising his clasped hands to heaven, invoking a blessing upon his friend. Charles had his picture framed, then watching his opportunity, and taking advantage of M. Waldsée's absence from home, he hung it up in his study.

Louisa saw it first, she recognized her father, and guessed the artist; M. Waldsée was much surprised, he complimented Charles on his performance, and appeared greatly pleased at this delicate proof of his gratitude. Eugenia alone was discontented, she was angry with Charles that she also was not in the picture, "she who owed so much to M. Waldsée;" there was some difficulty in pacifying her, but she begged that in future she might always be included, when Charles had any opportunity of showing his gratitude to their common benefactor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Labour and sobriety are real treasures, and so Charles found them, for, by his industry and economy, he not only perfected his talents, but laid by a part of his earnings: his first real expence was to have his father and mother's portraits framed, for, as our readers may recollect, the former gold frames had been stolen by the robbers in the forest. Another great advantage of Charles's regularity of conduct was, that he gained the character of a noble and very steady young man, and every one felt inclined to be serviceable to him. The number of his pupils proportionably increased, and, in order to reply to the flattering encouragement which he received, he was obliged to borrow from sleep the time which he devoted to study. In all the houses which he visited, Charles was greatly pleased to hear the praises of the Waldsées, but was surprised to find that Louisa's beauty excited much admiration. "How is it," said he

one day to his friend, "that every one agrees in thinking Louisa so beautiful, while so many girls, at least quite as pretty as she is, pass unnoticed?"

"It is," answered Duffel, "by the same reason that makes you regard Louisa with indifference; the finest woman, if seen often, ceases to excite admiration, particularly if she has no other attraction than personal beauty; but Louisa cannot be confounded with the class of whom I speak, for, independently of the valuable qualities which distinguish her, her beauty is so out of the common way, that I can only properly define it by calling it celestial. If you were to paint a virgin, would you give her what most of our pretty women possess, a giddy and coquettish air, lively and vivacious eyes, studied graces, and theatrical dress? On the contrary, you would represent her equally modest and beautiful, her eyes timidly cast down, a blush of modesty in her cheeks, simple in her attire, in short, every thing which could announce the innocence of her virgin heart, and the virtues of which she is the centre. Such a portrait would immediately speak to the heart, and such a virgin is Louisa. Be not, therefore, surprised at

the admiration which she excites, but do her more justice." Charles blushed, and confessed that his hasty judgment was wrong; Duffel readily forgave him, excusing his error on the score of his youth. Our two friends had resided together for about two years, when Duffel received a letter from France, informing him of the death of his father, and urging his return to take possession of his property; he immediately proposed to Charles to accompany him. Our hero had saved a little money, and, burning with the desire of visiting France, and discovering his family, he eagerly consented. On reflection, however, one thing embarrassed him much: should he leave his sister at Comorna, or take her with him? to separate from her seemed impossible, yet he was aware of the impropriety of her making so long a journey in company with two young men. Before he consulted his benefactor, he communicated his uneasiness to his friend, who immediately removed it by saying that he had a rich and amiable sister at Paris, whom he was quite sure would receive Eugenia; she might, therefore, remain at Comorna until some family might be found who would escort her to France.

Charles, being made easy upon this point, went the next day to M. Waldsée, and told him his project: he did not oppose it; Charles was his own master; he was now seventeen years old, and his friend might be serviceable to him in France. These considerations induced him, though it cost him some pain, to part from Charles. A longer stay in Germany might injure his prospects, and, since he had applied himself to the fine arts, it was absolutely necessary that he should travel; M. Waldsée also approved of his resolution relative to his sister, and it was agreed that Eugenia, who was only thirteen years of age, should remain at Comorna until a favourable opportunity should occur of sending her to France. M. Waldsée was anxious that Charles should see some of the great towns before he quitted Germany; Charles also desired it, but said, Duffel would be in too great a hurry to reach Paris to make any stay upon the road. "I should at least have wished you to see those places which have been the scenes of great events, or distinguished by any remarkable occurrences, as—

Augsburg, in Suabia, where, in 1530, Luther and Melancthon presented to Charles V. their

new articles of belief. This profession of faith was called the Confession of Augsburg; it was in this same city, in 1557, that the peace of religion established the system of toleration in the empire.

Constance, also in Suabia, where, in a celebrated council in 1415, John Huss and Jerome of Prague were condemned to the flames, and the bones of Wickliffe were ordered to be burnt about thirty years after his death.

Leipsic, a strong town in Upper Saxony, was the birth-place of Leibnitz, Fabricius, and other learned men. It is remarkable for the beauty of its edifices, and for its three great fairs every year, at which there is a great traffic in books.

Nuremberg, the capital of Franconia, celebrated for its arsenal, and anatomical theatre; the imperial ornaments of Charlemagne are kept here, and the crown, globe, sceptre, &c. used at the coronations of the ancient emperors of Germany.

At Trent was held the last general council against the Lutherans, which lasted from 1545 to 1563.

At Wittemburg the Reformation first began in 1517; and Martin Luther, the eminent pro-

meter of it, was buried in the chapel of the castle in 1546. Aix la Chapelle, a city in the department of Roa, is very remarkable as being chosen by Charlemagne for the seat of his government: he was also buried there in 814. His sword, belt, and testament, are still used at the coronation of the emperors. Mayence is celebrated by John Guttemburg, a German by birth, who brought the art of printing there in 1440. It was at Mayence that Constantine Anglesen, a Franciscan monk and German chemist, invented gunpowder. As doing honour to Mayence, Archbishop Wiligise is quoted, the son of a wheelwright, who, in 957, took a wheel as the arms of his principality, in order that he might never be tempted to forget his origin.

Diernstein, a little town of Austria, on the Danube: here Richard Cœur de Lion, king of England, was discovered and detained in prison in 1194, after his shipwreck at Aquileia; and here also, in 1805, a division of the French army, under general Gazon, fought their way through 20,000 Russians.

"You will certainly stop at Vienna," continued M. Waldsée; "that capital will be in your road." "I am acquainted with Vienna," an-

swered Charles with hesitation, casting down his eyes. "Ha!" said M. Walsée, with surprise, "you never told me that!"

"Soon," said Charles, with emotion, "soon, my kind friend, shall I be permitted to open my heart to you; at present I dare not. Oh! how much it has and still does cost me to keep any secrets from you! but I am sure, my generous protector, you will never blame me for religiously keeping my word." "No, indeed, my dear young friend, I never shall, however I may lament the necessity of it. In keeping your word, you have followed the dictates of true honour; and, in resisting all temptations to disclose your secret, you have proved yourself worthy of the greatest confidence." After a little more conversation on the subject of his journey, they rose, and, M. Waldsée affectionately pressing his hand, they repaired to the drawing-room.

Charles's intended departure was next to be disclosed to Eugenia, and this was no easy task. M. Waldsée undertook it, but, at the first few words he pronounced, she melted into tears, and, throwing her arms round Charles, exclaimed, in a heart-rending voice, "Oh, my

brother, will you abandon your poor Eugenia? No, dear Charles, I cannot believe it. You must not: remember your promise to my father; remember that he bade us never to separate!" Half stifled by her sobs, she could say no more; and Charles, who had foreseen and dreaded this scene, embracing his sister fervently, bade her be comforted, for that their separation would be short, but it was necessary for both their interests that it should take place. He then unfolded his projects to her, and used every argument to reconcile her to it.

He had much difficulty in making her comprehend why she could not accompany him. "Am I not your sister," asked she; "what difference is there between our being together on an open road or in a forest? we were alone when Joseph met us!"

"We were children then, Eugenia," answered Charles; "now the world requires more circumspection. Besides, I shall have a companion."

Madame Waldsée and her daughter explained to Eugenia what was required by the strict laws of decorum. The purity of her own intentions, they observed, would not exempt her from the

uncharitable remarks of the world, and her conduct would be censured as very imprudent, even if not deemed altogether indecorous. Eugenia, much dissatisfied by these restrictions, which her perfect innocence led her to consider very severe, reluctantly submitted to their reasoning, and at length consented to part from her brother, but only on condition that he would write two or three times a week, and a hundred other affectionate requests, with all of which he promised to comply.

The preparations for their journey were soon concluded, and Charles repaired to M. Waldsée's for the last time. After pouring forth his gratitude to his benefactor, and receiving his wise counsels, he recommended his sister to his protection, and begged Madame Waldsée to continue her kindness to her. When he came to take leave of Eugenia, his courage failed him, and, before he ventured to pronounce the word "Adieu," he resolved to divide with her the few mementos which remained to them of their parents, to which his sister had an equal right. Eugenia desired to have the portrait of her father, Charles also wished to keep it; not that they attached less value to that of their mother but

they were so young when they lost her, that they had but a faint recollection of her; but the tender affection of M. de St. Colombe, his illness, and, above all, his death, had made a strong impression upon their young minds, and, being already of an age to reflect when the latter event occurred, they took a melancholy pleasure in regarding his portrait, and recalling the minutest words and actions of their beloved father. In this instance, however, Eugenia gained the victory: Charles could not resist her tears, and he gave up the portrait. He, however, retained the counsels which St. Colombe had written with his own hand, but gave her a copy of them. These little, but to them important, divisions, being made, Charles once more bade adieu to M. Waldsée, and, anxious to spare Eugenia the grief of a parting scene, hastened to rejoin Duffel, and was far from Comorna ere Eugenia was aware of his departure.

CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW days after their departure, Joseph arrived at Comorna in great trouble, his father being dangerously ill; and M. Waldsée immediately returned with him, accompanied by a physician. The old man was sensible of his kindness, but informed him that his assistance was useless; his strength was gone, and he felt that he could not long survive. M. Waldsée secretly thought the same, and therefore endeavoured to persuade him to make his existence known to his brother, the pastor of Schoenbrunn, representing it to him as a duty. The latter, being in good circumstances, might be of great assistance to his sons: if any thing happened to him, they would still have somebody, some relation, to whom to transfer their affection and respect. After struggling for some time with his pride, he at last submitted, and gave his friend full authority to make the disclosure. "Do what you think proper, my friend," said

he, "death will soon release me from the humiliations of pride and prejudice." The professor proposed going himself to Schoenbrunn; he wished to see the pastor himself, not being able to express all he wished in a letter; therefore, leaving Louison with the means of procuring whatever was necessary for the invalid, he bade his friend adieu, returned to Comorna, and, knowing that there was no time to be lost, set off the next day to Vienna.

M. Quedelin's surprise may be conceived at learning the existence of a brother, whom for so many years he had thought dead, and he was still more shocked at the relation of the miserable life to which his extreme delicacy had subjected him. He immediately wrote, tenderly reproaching him, and assuring him that if the Almighty should think proper to call him to himself, his house should be his children's home, and he would adopt them as his own. This letter he sent express, intending to return with M. Waldsée as soon as he could make arrangements to leave his church; but, ere this could be done, the old man, who had received great consolation from his writing, became suddenly worse, and expired. After his funeral,

his two sons came to Schoenbrunn; Joseph, under the tuition of his uncle, devoted himself to studying for the church, and Frederick returned to his regiment. M. Waldsée, returning home through Vienna, profited by the occasion to visit father Werneck, who was known to him by reputation, and whom he had a great desire to see; this first visit was followed by several others. One day the professor, in speaking of his domestic affairs, accidentally mentioned Charles and Eugenia; the names instantly struck father Werneck, who interrupted him, begging him to tell him who were the persons he had just named. M. Waldsée, who perceived the possibility of gaining some insight into the history of the orphans, immediately informed him of all he knew. The father listened with extreme attention, he seemed afraid of losing a word, and, when M. Waldsée had concluded, "Oh Providence!" cried he, "how impenetrable are thy designs!" then, turning to the professor, "receive my warmest gratitude for your kindness to these poor orphans, for, without knowing it, you have supplanted me in my duty. They are the children of my dearest friend; their father, M. de St. Colombe, died of grief in

the land of exile: his birth was the least of his advantages: never did a nobler soul inhabit so fine a person. I lost my friend during my stay at Rome; he appointed me the guardian of his children; and the letter which he wrote, confiding to me this precious charge, was sent to me after his death by the prior of my convent, who, at the same time, informed me that Charles and Eugenia were living with the schoolmaster of Schoenbrunn, and that the former was more particularly under the care of the pastor, M. Quedelin. Satisfied by this information, the children still being very young and under such good care, I did not hasten my return. Some months after I arrived, my first care was to go to Schoenbrunn to settle the affairs of my friend, and do what was necessary for his children. The village was in consternation: they had disappeared, and were gone no one knew whither! The good pastor melted into tears while speaking of them; Reich and his wife were inconsolable. My grief at learning this event was only equalled by my surprise; they had left no trace of their flight; I, therefore, concluded that it must be the work of perfidy and villainy, and I endeavoured to discover the cause and the

authors of it. The letter of my deceased friend contained a full account of his affairs: he gave me the exact amount of the value of his jewels, furniture, clothes, &c. and informed me that he had placed a thousand crowns in the hands of Melck, the innkeeper, with whom he resided, and with whom he left his children. I, therefore, repaired to this man, and, without mentioning the letter, questioned him on all that occurred during my friend's last moments: however, he appeared not to comprehend me, and I could extort from him nothing more than that "M. de St. Colombe died very poor, that his children lived for a long time at his expence, and that he was very glad when the schoolmaster took them off his hands." Notwithstanding his assurances, I discovered his deception by his countenance, and, opening my friend's letter, I read it through, pausing at every sentence, to observe its effect upon him: during the reading he held his head down, and thus eluded my observation, but continued to deny every statement. Unable to extort the truth from him, I had recourse to other means. By my inquiries I soon learnt the rapid augmentation of his fortune, and the suspicions which it excited; the pastor informed me of what

he remarked, and the confidence of Charles; and I observed that what the child had imparted to him of his father's affairs agreed in substance with the colonel's letter to me; and, from the information otherwise collected in the village, it was evident that Melck had appropriated to himself the little fortune of the unfortunate orphans. At my request M. Quedelin sent for the innkeeper, and made a last effort to induce him to confess; he represented to him that I knew all, that his denials were useless, and that the only part he could act was to return the *money* he had received, and the rest might perhaps be excused. The good pastor's eloquence was thrown away: Melck, relying on the absence of the children, continued to deny the deposit. Determined to punish the villain, I obtained a warrant, and he was arrested: as soon as this was known in the village, depositions came from all parts, and our proofs were not wanting. Melck was obliged to refund the money, and was punished besides; but we never, by any means, could discover whether he was concerned in the disappearance of the children, though the rest of his conduct made it most probable that he was the cause of it. It is evident, my dear professor,

that it was the object of those who carried them off to take them to the remotest place possible, and, in choosing the isle of Schut, they were sure of defeating all search. The villains who committed this infamous act are, however, still unknown to us, but I shall continue to take all pains to discover them, and trust that my endeavours will not prove fruitless. The goodness of the Almighty, ever awake, must have touched their hearts with mercy, otherwise their surest way to avoid detection would have been to murder their innocent victims, and that, I doubt not, was their original intention; but Heaven, lavish of its miracles in their favour, has given them a further striking proof of its protection, by directing their steps to one so competent to guide them in the path of honour and virtue as M. Waldsée."

M. Waldsée replied to this compliment by disclaiming all merit in the protection he had given to the children, for which their own amiable dispositions and good conduct fully repaid him; and, after a little more conversation upon the subject, these worthy men parted. The professor, still astonished at the discovery he had made, instantly returned to Schoenbrunn,

to inform M. Quedelin of it, and, at the same time, related to him all that he knew of the adventures of Charles and Eugenia since.

While all this was passing in Germany, Charles arrived safely at Paris, and immediately wrote to Comorna. In his letter to M. Waldsée, after repeating his expressions of gratitude, he apologized for the secret he had been obliged to make to him of his name and family, and then justified himself by the sincere narration of his life. This packet arrived at Comorna during the absence of the professor, but his amiable wife, knowing the pleasure it would give him, forwarded it to Schoenbrunn. On the receipt of it, M. Waldsée hastened to communicate its interesting contents to father Werneck and M. Quedelin, who could not hear the relation of the misfortunes of the poor children without shuddering. However, the author of the barbarity yet remained unknown; Charles's letter could throw no light upon that subject, for he was himself quite ignorant who he was; but Divine justice is ever watchful, and the villains were at length discovered. M. Waldsée was still at Vienna, when two men were taken up for housebreaking: being tried and condemned to death,

they confessed, among other crimes, that they had been accessary to the murder of the children of the late Colonel de St. Colombe, whom they believed to be dead. They denounced Melck as their employer in this foul deed: he was, accordingly, arrested and confronted with them, and, being convicted by their statements, he at length confessed all his infamous conduct, and received the just reward of his perfidy and wickedness.

CHAPTER XX.

On their arrival in Paris, Charles and Duffel took lodgings in the house of an acquaintance of the latter, and, whilst Duffel was occupied in the affairs which brought him to France, Charles made every enquiry after his family: he learnt that the Marshal de Frèze was then in Spain, which, a short time before, had become the scene of warfare: it is true he had other relations in France, but they were of high rank, and their influence was great at court, so that he, a poor and (although in his native country,) a friendless orphan, had no chance of gaining access to them; and, if he could have succeeded in this, his claims in all probability would not have been acknowledged. Discouraged by his ill success, Charles ceased his efforts, and determined to await the return of his uncle.

Notwithstanding his numerous engagements, Duffel contrived to devote a few hours to show-

ing Charles the beauties of Paris. They first went to the King's Library, a vast edifice, containing 800,000 volumes, 72,000 manuscripts, and 5,000 books of prints. Charles was particularly delighted with the cabinet of antiquities, in which the armour of Francis I., the chair of Dagobert, an Egyptian manuscript upon papyrus, the sword of the order of Malta, the seal of Michael Angelo, &c. &c. successively attracted his attention. After visiting the public libraries and the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle, Charles went to the Royal Museum. The masterpieces of architecture and sculpture which filled the rooms of this fine building astonished him much; but his delight knew no bounds when he arrived at the great gallery, and his eager eye glanced over more than 1200 pictures, each of which would have employed a day to examine it. The French school first attracted his observation; he saw with pleasure the first attempt of Jean Cousin, and beheld with admiration the ease of Simon Vouet, the productions of the sage Le Sueur, and of Titian, Dominichino, &c.

They went next to the royal gallery of the Luxembourg. "This gallery," said Duffel, "is consecrated to the productions of living French

artists, whose genius does honour to their country, and to merit a place here is the greatest encouragement they can receive." He pointed out to Charles the celebrated pictures of the Oath of the Horatii, and Belisarius asking Alms, by David. In silent admiration he gazed at them as if rooted to the spot, and it was only by promising to introduce him to his master that Duffel could induce him to quit them. Girodet and Pajou next fixed his attention: he rapidly glanced over the best artists, but, finding it impossible to do them justice in one day, he resolved to visit the gallery as often as possible. On leaving the exhibition, the conversation of the two friends naturally turned upon the pictures they had seen, and the most celebrated artists of the day. Charles asked a thousand questions about David, whose picture of the oath of the Horatii far surpassed anything he had ever seen in the same style. "David," said Duffel, "is the pupil of nature, the ancients, and the great masters of Italy, and from these pure sources he has derived his talent; but the new school, of which he is the head, and which was founded by Vien, will not die with him. Gerard, Girodet, Guerin, and Gros, are now rapidly ad-

vancing in the class of historical painters, doing honour to themselves and to their master."

"Who are the most distinguished artists in the different styles of painting?" demanded Charles. "The designs of Isabey and Pajou are much admired," answered Duffel; "Sauvage is unequalled in painting bas-relief, and Van Spaendonck in representing flowers." Duffel was proceeding, when he was interrupted by a young man of his acquaintance, who, taking his hand with a languishing air, asked him a hundred questions as to where he came from, where he was going, &c. with the greatest apparent interest, and then, without waiting for an answer, sauntered away to another acquaintance, merely saying he supposed he should see him in the evening. Charles, startled at this sudden apparition, asked who the young man was and the meaning of his strange conduct. "He is," replied Duffel, "the son of a rich merchant, and is only one of a class who all resemble him; Augustus is perhaps one of the most reasonable, for, whatever his folly may be, his heart is sound. Without employment, or caring to be useful to their country or to society in general, these gentlemen pass their time in mawkish pleasures,

and loitering about, dissipating the fortunes which have been acquired by the industry of their parents. Having no ambition, their talents are neglected, or frittered away in inventing or following ridiculous fashions, by which they only render themselves conspicuous, without being admired. Their conversation is a tissue of insipid nothings; they can tell you better than the newspapers where the most fashionable parties are held, or relate the debut of an actor or actress; they despise and ridicule the most respectable pursuits, they will tell you that they have neither virtue or honesty; and that to be tolerated in what they call good society, you must be equally destitute of these troublesome appendages. Notwithstanding their idleness, they are always in a hurry: even while they are talking to you they ought to be somewhere else; they have not a minute to spare, and much business on their hands; they never retire to rest until three or four o'clock in the morning, yet the day is too short for their numerous engagements; and how are these fifteen or sixteen hours employed? in incurring debts which they are unable to pay."

Duffel's affairs being settled, he became his

own master, and the possessor of an easy fortune. He had long wished to visit Italy, and this appearing a favorable opportunity, he proposed to Charles to accompany him. "What can you do here?" said he; "more alone in France than in Germany, your life will be dismal and monotonous beyond measure. Without a guide or any knowledge of the world, (that is, the world of a great city,) you may form dangerous connexions, and be seduced and corrupted before you are aware of having taken a single step in the path of vice."

Charles secretly acknowledged the truth of what his friend said. To go to Italy had always been his most earnest desire, but his small stock of money was now so nearly exhausted that he could not even defray the expences of the journey. He hesitated to confide his difficulties to Duffel, knowing that generous friend would not listen to them, but would insist upon heaping obligations upon him which he had no immediate prospect of repaying; not, therefore, knowing how to reply, he remained silent. Duffel read what was passing in his mind. "Charles," said he, "you act unkindly in doubting your friend; I see you are too proud

to be indebted to me; make yourself easy upon that point: when you have the means of repaying me you shall have your own way; at present I will have mine. Besides, we shall not be idle at Rome; and three months' application will enable you to pay your debts quickly." The proposal held out too many temptations for Charles to refuse it, particularly as his kind friend's assistance, combined with the study of the antiquities of Rome, would ultimately put him in possession of the means of repaying the sums advanced by Duffel, of which he kept a strict account. Besides, by the time he returned, his uncle would most likely be in France, and he should then be freed from all pecuniary difficulties. These hopes were not visionary, particularly that founded upon his own talents; therefore, gratefully expressing his sense of his friend's kindness on this occasion,—perhaps the only opportunity he might ever have of visiting the classic abode of the fine arts,—he told him that he was ready to accompany him. This resolution taken, Charles wrote to his sister to inform her of it, and to persuade her not to quit Germany until he should send or come for her. He added that the absence of the marshal had

determined him upon making this journey, which would be of the greatest service to him in his profession, and that this reflection should reconcile her to his absence. He spared no arguments to prove the necessity, as well as the propriety, of her remaining with M. Waldsée until his return, and concluded by repeated assurances of his warmest affection, and of the happiness which he anticipated, in having the means of supporting and protecting her in a manner congenial to his wishes. He enclosed this epistle, with a few trifles for Eugenia and Louisa, in a letter to M. Waldsée, in which he begged him to console his sister, and to exert his influence to induce her to wait patiently at Comorna until his uncle's return to France. He entrusted this pacquet to an acquaintance who was going to Germany, and who promised to deliver it in person to M. Waldsée. Having discharged this duty, he employed himself in preparing for his journey, and a few days after the two friends departed.

CHAPTER XXI.

THEY proceeded without making any stoppages until they arrived at Bologna, a fine town of Italy, the birth place of Albano, Dominichino, and Guido Reni. After viewing the fine churches, and the superb pictures which they contain, and the famous university, they proceeded to Florence, the native soil of Dante, the illustrious father of Italian poetry. Charles was delighted with its numerous and fine buildings, particularly with its bridge built entirely of marble. In the church of Santa Croce, they remarked with interest the monuments of many of the Italian sages, among which, those of Galileo, the precursor of astronomical truth, and of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, (who died at Rome, though he was buried here,) inspired them with the greatest reverence. The palace of the Pitti, too, greatly delighted them, that noble edifice, the nursery of some of the greatest painters, and by its majesty and magnificence worthy to be the abode of the greatest kings.

They next visited Sienna, where it is said that the Italian language is spoken with more purity than in any other part of Italy; they therefore made some stay there, for the purpose of acquiring it. There were no particularly fine pictures or other monuments in Sienna to interest them; the houses are all built of brick, and the streets paved with the same.

On leaving Sienna, our travellers were surprised at seeing neither cultivation, flocks, or habitations; they were surrounded by a barren desert, interspersed with rocks. As they proceeded onward, the flat country became less arid, and they soon after arrived at the famous lake of Thrasymenus, near which Hannibal gained a great victory over Flaminius, losing only 1500 men, whilst 15,000 Romans were slain, and as many taken prisoners. On passing Viterbo, a large fine town fourteen leagues from Rome, Duffel became pensive, and looked around him with a melancholy air. Suddenly seizing Charles's hand, he pointed to a city which they saw at some distance. "Behold," exclaimed he, "that group of houses in the midst of solitude and silence! that is Rome! Yes," continued he, "there, on that small spot, now

stands immortal Rome, which once extended to the extremities of Asia. On these roads once crowded kings and nations from all parts of the known world; here rolled triumphal chariots in the midst of Roman armies; here the traveller stood to behold Cæsar, and Augustus, and Trajan, in all their splendour and majesty; whom do we meet now in their place? Labourers and beggars. But," added he, with enthusiasm, "Rome is still great in her associations, we cannot take a step in her city without encountering ruins which recall some memorable event; and these august remains of ancient glory still attract the curiosity of thousands, if not of philosophers and conquerors, of humbler artists, and lovers of antiquity.

On the first day, the two friends visited the Pantheon, the Coliseum, and the Church of St. Peter. Their view was rapid, and taken merely to satisfy their curiosity, for they intended, after making a short journey to Naples, to fix their residence at Rome. They could not, however, resolve to quit the capital of the Christian world, without seeing its environs, equally devoted to the precious remains of antiquity. These suburbs formed the delight and repose of the

ancient Romans, and though much changed, they still infuse these sentiments into the souls of the admirers of nature. We must not, however, go too far from the city, for if we still hope to behold the fertile territories and delightful prospects of Latium, we shall be much deceived. The plains of Rome, which, under their ancient masters, were like a terrestrial paradise, which surrounded their villas, and were adorned with all that nature and art could produce, are now become bogs and pestilential marshes, some corners only having escaped the general devastation. Duffel learnt that the Tibur of Horace, under its modern name of Tivoli, had preserved all the beauties known to the poet, and which, in his verses, he has so charmingly celebrated: the friends accordingly repaired thither.

Tivoli is six leagues distant from Rome, and the road to it is through a solitude interspersed with ruins; at a short distance from it is the remarkable lake of Solfatara, which exhales a strong odour of sulphur, and contaminates the air for some distance round. The town, which contains about 1800 people, is wretchedly poor, and seems to be inhabited by blacksmiths. Our friends hastened through it to the place

where Horace's villa formerly stood: following the peaceful course of the Anio, (now the Tevere,) they heard at a distance the heavy and continued sound occasioned by the fall of the grand cascade, the noise of which augmented as they approached it. A grand spectacle suddenly burst upon their view: the water, rushing from a height of fifty feet from a peaked rock, frothed, roared, and precipitated itself into a fearful abyss, where it foamed and boiled so as to make the spectator tremble, and flying like a thick dust, sprinkled the ground for upwards of an hundred fathoms round.

Beyond the cascade is a delightful road, formed by a grove of mulberry, fig, poplar, and plane trees: after walking through fields of the finest green, enamelled with the most odoriferous flowers, they next arrived at the *Cascarelle*, or little cascades, formed in the Anio by several rocks, which impede and divide its course. The picturesque views which they occasion, joined to their soothing noise, and the freshness which they exhale, contribute to calm and refresh the mind of the weary traveller.

Oua friends, enchanted by the varied scenery, sat down under a tree, to enjoy it more at their

ease: "This," said Duffel, "was the tasteful and favourite retreat of the illustrious senators of Rome, who repaired here to repose themselves from their arduous labour, or to retire from the magnificence which satiated them. Mæcenas had a villa here, of which there are still some remains. Horace here composed the greatest part of his works, and his modest dwelling presented to him more charms than the splendid palace of Augustus."

"Dear Duffel," said Charles, interrupting him, "I confess, to my shame, that I am totally ignorant of any particulars relating to the life of Horace, though I have read his verses with the greatest delight; if you are as well acquainted with the histories of poets, as you are with those of painters, I wish you would acquaint me with his."

"With pleasure," replied Duffel, "at least, I will tell you the little that I know.

"Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at Venusium, a town in the confines of Apulia and Lucania, in the consulship of Aurelius Cotta and Manlius Torquatus, B.C. 65. His father was the son of a freedman, and followed the employment of a tax-gatherer; but, notwith-

standing the meanness of his origin, his sentiments were liberal and elevated. Resolving to give his son every advantage of education within his reach, he took him early to Rome, acted as his moral guardian, and caused him to be instructed in all the branches of knowledge which at that time were taught to youth of condition. Horace himself has gratefully recorded his obligations to this wise and affectionate parent. 'Never,' says he, 'will I follow the example of those ingrates who, to palliate the meanness of their origin, apologise for not being born of illustrious parents. I think and speak differently; if nature permitted us to enter a second time into life, and gave us the liberty of choosing our parents, I would leave every one to follow the dictates of his vanity, and would still cling to my father, nor seek another among kings or thrones.' At the age of eighteen he was sent to Athens, for that finishing of philosophy and Greek literature which was become fashionable among the Romans. Whilst he was in that city, M. Brutus, passing through it in his way to Macedonia, took with him several of the Roman students, and Horace among the rest, to whom he entrusted a legion, as military

tribune. Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, for posterity, he was not endowed with a martial spirit, and the battle of Philippi, from which he escaped by 'a swift flight,' unincumbered with his shield, put an end to his warfare. As he was on the losing side, he incurred the forfeiture of his property, but obtained his pardon; and was now obliged to depend upon his literary talents as a resource against indigence. He wrote some poetry, which fell into the hands of Virgil, who foresaw that Rome would be in possession of one great poet more, and, superior to the petty jealousy of vulgar minds, immediately introduced him to Mæcenas. He proved so agreeable to this patron of letters, that he made him his familiar companion, and, procuring from Augustus the restitution of his estate, made him personally known to the emperor, who became greatly attached to him. The poet became the friend of the prince and of the minister, lived at court in as much familiarity as if he had been among his equals; it is true he purchased or repaid every favour by abundance of poetic adulation, yet his wishes were very moderate for a courtier, and he declined the part offered him, by Augustus, of his

private secretary; no man, indeed, ever lived among the great with a more independent spirit. Having no ambitious views, and detesting parade and splendour, he determined to remain his own master, and he explicitly acquaints Mæcenas that he was ready to resign every gift he had bestowed on him, rather than forfeit his free agency. Though fully capable of tasting the pleasures of refined society, he seems to have been naturally fond of rural retirement, and he passed his time between Rome, Tarentum, and this his Tiburtine or Sabine villa, where he tasted the sweets of that repose which he so ardently desired. After being his firm friend during his life, Mæcenas gave him a last proof of his regard at his death, by recommending him in his will to the emperor, in these words, 'I conjure you to continue your favour to Horace as if he were myself.' Horace, on his part, replied to these sentiments with sincerity. He had always desired not to survive his protector, and, as if fate had listened to his prayer, he died only a few months after him, in his fifty-ninth year. In compliance with his desire, he was interred near the tomb of his friend. His works consist of odes, satires, and epistles,

which abound in moral maxims, expressed with vigour, in acute observations on human life, and in pleasant stories, related with great ease and vivacity. His perceptive pieces on the art of writing, of which the principle is the 'Epistle to the Pisos,' usually called the 'Art of Poetry,' display much sound sense and good taste, but are desultory and immethodical."

CHAPTER XXII.

DUFFEL, who intended returning to Rome to resume his pencil, proceeded to Naples as soon as possible; he had a great desire to see that fine city, one of the most attractive places in Italy. Its palaces and churches, however, did not detain them long, and as Charles was impatient to behold Vesuvius, they hastened thither. They proceeded to the village of Portici, built on the site of Herculaneum and Pompeii, where they passed some time in examining the fine statues and other remains of antiquity dug out of the ruins of the famous grotto of Pausilippo, which excited their astonishment and admiration. On returning from the subterraneous passage, they perceived a half-ruined tomb almost covered with brambles and weeds, in the midst of which rose an old laurel; they entered, and seating themselves on some stones, which time had detached from their places, Duffel unrolled a plan which he held in his hand, and, after considering it attentively, "Are

you aware, my friends," said he, "whose ashes are buried here?" "No," said Charles, "pray tell me."

"This is the sepulchre of the immortal Virgil." "What!" exclaimed Charles, "are we in the tomb of Virgil! of the poet whom I admire so much, and whose works have afforded me so many pleasant hours! Dear Duffel," continued he, "give me some particulars of his life; the place in which we are, and the sight of this tomb, will render the recital doubly interesting and impressive." "Most willingly," answered Duffel; "Publius Virgilius Maro, the most eminent of the Roman poets, was born in the consulate of Crassus and Pompey, B.C. 70, at Andes, a village near Mantua. His father was most probably the owner of a small estate cultivated by himself. Virgil enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education, and Cremona, Milan, and Naples, are said, successively, to have contributed to his instruction, which finally prevented him from falling into poverty. The Roman republic was then agitated by civil wars: Octavius Cæsar, wishing to reward his veteran soldiers, gave them the fields surrounding Mantua and Cremona, and Virgil was despoiled of his

patrimony, and driven from it. Pollio, who commanded in that part of the country, touched by his misfortunes, sent him to Rome, and recommended him to Mæcenas, and through their influence his farm was restored to him. On going back to take possession of it, his life was endangered by the violence of the veteran occupier, and he was obliged to fly to Rome, where an application to the source of power procured his reinstatement. It was as a tribute of thanks to his benefactor that Virgil composed his first eclogue; this harmonious and touching production made his talent known, and became the foundation of his fortune; and Octavius, forgetting for a moment the great interests of the state, gave him every encouragement. He next composed the Bucolics, or Pastorals, and afterwards, by order of Augustus, he undertook the Georgics, in which he gives instructions on the manner of cultivating the fields and breeding cattle; and it was under the fine sky of Naples, and surrounded by its magnificent landscapes, that he composed those sweet and flowing lines. Virgil possessed the talent of interesting his readers beyond any other poet, and his rural pictures prove him to have been a true admirer

of nature, in the delineation of which he expressed his real sensations and desires.

"The Georgics were so much admired, that most of the principal personages of the time honoured him with their friendship, and a striking proof is given of the veneration felt for him at Rome; being one day at the theatre, some of his verses were recited, and the people all arose and saluted him with loud acclamations, an honour then paid to the emperor alone. So much glory, however, could not pass without attracting envy, and, among his rivals, the bitterest were two miserable poets, named Bavius and Mævius, whose attacks, however, gave him little uneasiness, his great success enabling him to despise the powerless voice of envy. The poet's moderation was particularly conspicuous in the following circumstance. One Philistus, a wit of the court, took great pleasure in taunting and provoking him to a reply, even in the presence of Augustus. 'You are dumb,' said he to him one day, 'and, if you had a tongue, you could not defend yourself.' 'My works speak for me,' replied Virgil. Augustus much approved of his answer. 'If you knew as well the advantage of silence,' said he to

Philistus, 'you would be very careful how you broke it.'

"Virgil's modesty was excessive, and it once brought him into an amusing situation. During the time that Augustus was giving some magnificent spectacles, the days were very fine, but it rained every night. The poet affixed to the gates of the palace a scroll containing two lines; of which the substance was, 'that Jupiter divided the empire of the weather with Cæsar,—Jupiter caused the nights to be rainy, and Cæsar made the day brilliant by his magnificence;' the emperor, flattered by this compliment, spared no pains to discover the author; but Virgil was silent. A certain poet, named Bathyllus, claimed the merit of it, and received the reward; Virgil, displeased by this audacity, again placed the lines at the gate of the palace, and added another, with the commencement of a fourth, the sense of which he left incomplete. The emperor desired Bathyllus to finish what he had begun, but, he being unable, Virgil came forward and discovered himself to be the author by presenting his verse complete, on which Bathyllus, overwhelmed with shame and confusion, withdrew from the court.

"Next to the Georgics, Virgil commenced his Æneid, on which he was employed eleven years; he intended devoting three others to revising and correcting it, but in the mean time he fell ill. From the concurrent testimony of various writers, among whom are Pliny the Elder and Aulus Gellius, it appears that, on his death-bed, he wished to commit this precious work to the flames, regarding it as an imperfect performance, but that it was saved either by the interposition of his friends Tucca and Varius, who persuaded him to bequeath it to them on condition that they should make no alterations in it, or by the injunctions of Augustus to his executors. His remains, according to his request, were brought to Naples, where he had passed the happiest hours of his life, and were interred in the Puteolan way."

On concluding this narrative, Duffel rose; the day was fast advancing, and he wished at least to have one glance at the place where stood the villas of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Mæcenas, Catullus, and Propertius.

The next day they proceeded to Puzzoli, and visited the lake Avernus, the cave of the Cumæan Sybil, and the Acheron; to examine thoroughly

these magnificent ruins, which recalled the memory of a people so dear to history, would be the work of many months, and our travellers could only spare a few days: Rome also still excited them; therefore, without further delay, they returned to that city.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On arriving at Rome, Duffel's first care was to cultivate the acquaintance of the artists sent there by the French government. Until then their imitator, he now strove to surpass them, and this noble emulation took such possession of his mind, that he sacrificed every other consideration to it. All kind of relaxation was denied, and he even deprived himself of some hours of sleep to devote them to study. Charles, stimulated by so fine an example, followed the steps of his friend; the love of glory animated his pencil and overcame all obstacles.

Duffel had nearly finished his masterpiece, a picture upon which rested all his hopes, when he fell ill; his over anxiety, joined to his continued labour, overcame his strength, and he was attacked by a putrid fever. A physician and a nurse were procured, and no expence was spared to expedite his recovery. At first, the

alarming state of the invalid excluded every other consideration; but at the end of a month, when he was no longer in danger, Charles and Duffel perceived, to their great dismay, that their stock of money was nearly exhausted. To send to France for more was impossible, and, not being known at Rome, they were not likely to get credit; nor did Duffel's labour extricate him from his difficulty, for, besides that, he had not quite finished his picture: this production was to establish his reputation, and he would not have sold it in its unfinished state, if even the Pope had desired it.

Independent of this embarrassment, which was common to both, Charles had another source of inquietude. In the letter which he sent to his sister before his departure from France, he had told her that he should not write again until he was settled, and could tell her where to direct her answers; being returned to Rome, he wrote according to his promise. This letter was followed by a second, and a third; but still he received no answer, either from Eugenia or M. Waldsée. Poor Charles, bewildered by a crowd of afflicting conjectures, bitterly repented leaving Germany; if Eugenia were

unhappy,' his desertion would prove the cause, and he felt that he should never forgive himself. These melancholy ideas pursued him continually; even in his dreams, he saw his sister in tears, calling to him for assistance; sometimes she was a prey to the horrors of poverty; at others, inhuman strangers treated her with the greatest cruelty. Charles awoke in horror, and determined at all events to quit Rome, but then the idea of his sick friend interposed to prevent him. He had also to conceal his uneasiness from Duffel; who alone had induced him to take the journey, and who might construe his anxiety into a reproach.

The friends became poorer, and the crisis arrived. The woman who waited upon them at last told Duffel that she could get credit no longer, that he must at least settle with the trades-people, or they must starve. They looked at each other in sorrowful silence, their hearts were full, never had they felt so completely humiliated. After a pause, Duffel took out his watch, gave it to Charles, and begged him to sell it. The young man stood by his friend's bedside, his fine countenance expressive of the most profound grief. "Wait a little longer, my

dear friend," said he, affectionately pressing his hand.

"Why, Charles? to-day or to-morrow, it is all the same, it must be done at last."

"Oh! but consider the loss, Duffel"

"Consider the necessity, Charles."

"A few hours only, my friend."

"As you will, Charles, the delay will do no good."

Charles withdrew into another room, and, taking from his bosom the portrait of his mother, he regarded it with tears. "Oh, mother," cried he, "sustain my courage!" then, falling upon one knee, and raising the cherished image toward heaven, "Pardon, oh, my mother! if I strip thy beloved portrait of its ornament; gratitude requires it, you yourself would command it." He then took off the gold frame, and, selling it with some other trinkets, obtained the small sum of fifty francs, which, unknown to Duffel, he gave to the servant.

This sacrifice supplied their present want, but Charles, matured by misfortune, thought of the morrow. "Cannot I prevent the necessity of Duffel's selling his watch?" asked he, "I can

never, I am sure, do too much for him; unknown, without name or property, I might have been the sport of fortune, had not Duffel, following the dictates of his excellent heart, opened his arms, and received me as a brother. My proficiency is the result of his care; alas! it may perhaps prove my only resource, and I may owe to Duffel the means of procuring an honest and independent livelihood. What an inestimable gift! Oh, my friend," cried he, with ardour, as if he had been present, "believe me, I feel the value of your kindness, the sun shall deprive us of his light, before ingratitude shall enter my heart."

When Duffel fell ill, to attend to him Charles quitted a work which greatly interested him; he had still courage to forbear finishing it, and employed himself, instead, in painting small pictures which he had some chance of selling. These trifles bore marks of considerable talent, and their drawing was perfect; nevertheless, he got so little for them, that in order to supply Duffel with the nourishment which he required, he was himself obliged to live upon bread and water, but of this he kept his friend in ignorance.

Charles redoubled his assiduity, he was more careful and more tasteful, but he was not more fortunate; on the contrary, the more anxiety he displayed to dispose of his work, the less was offered for them.

One day when he was offering a very pretty picture for sale, which the dealer scarcely looked at, an Italian nobleman who was in the shop took it from him, enquiring if he was the painter. After regarding it attentively, he took from his pocket a purse of gold, and, putting it into Charles's hand, said, "This is all the money I have about me, but bring me your picture, and I will pay you its value." Charles, motionless with surprise, thought he had misunderstood him, and, without knowing what the purse contained, he thought himself well paid. The Italian interpreted his silence differently, "I see," said he, "that you are not satisfied; but wait, young man, and you shall have no reason to complain of me."

Charles did not discover what was passing in his mind, for far from being dissatisfied, never did mortal receive the favours of fortune with more surprise and pleasure. After taking leave of the generous nobleman, he hastened to com-

municate to Duffel this unexpected good fortune: he listened to him with a smile, he knew the world, and he appreciated Charles's talents, he was therefore neither surprised at the petty price of his first attempts, nor at the high value now set on his works. The same day our hero took his picture home to the house of the amateur, who paid him handsomely, and comfort once more returned to their abode. Charles finished his large picture, and then, at the request of the Italian nobleman, who had become his friend, dedicated to him the remainder of his time at Rome, so that whilst Duffel was recovering his strength, Charles gained more than sufficient both for their expences while they remained at Rome, and to enable them to return to France. Thus, with a little assistance, the man who is endowed with talent and industry, and, above all, with an elevated mind, makes his way in the world with honour, and distinguishes himself without the aid of birth or fortune.

However, Charles's success did not lead him to forget his sister; far from it, the more fortunate he was, the more he thought of her; he wanted her to partake of his joy, there was

no happiness complete to him without Eugenia. But, notwithstanding his anxious desire to rejoin her, he was obliged to wait until Duffel was able to bear the journey, a moment to which Charles looked forward with impatience, but which did not arrive so soon as he anticipated.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHARLES's anxiety respecting his sister was but too well founded. What would have been his misery at so great a distance, had he known what was passing in Germany! Our profound ignorance of events which concern us, is often the most fortunate circumstance which could happen to us.

Eugenia, who never received the letter and trinkets which Charles sent to her before he left France, continued writing to her brother without receiving any answer. His silence much afflicted her, and surprised M. Waldsée. The professor knew the young man too well to believe him capable of ingratitude, or even of neglect; he feared that some extraordinary accident or misfortune prevented him from writing; but he was careful to conceal his suspicions; and Eugenia, whom he endeavoured to console, seeing each day pass without bringing her

her any letter, always looked forward with hope to the morrow.

While in this state of anxious suspense, fate, as if never weary of persecuting, afflicted her with one of the greatest and most irreparable misfortunes: her kind and venerable friend and protector was seized with an apoplectic fit, and died almost immediately. Madame Waldsée, who had not firmness to bear such a loss with fortitude, gave such vent to her grief, that her constitution, unable any longer to support her, sunk under it, and she died about a month after in the arms of her daughter, whom, with her dying breath, she recommended to the care of William Parr.

Eugenia sincerely partook of the lively grief of her friend; she also mourned a father and mother, for such, by their kindness and care of her, she had always been led to consider M. and Mad. Waldsée. She now felt alone in the world, and her wretchedness was extreme: separated from her dear brother, ignorant of his fate, deprived of her best friends, and destitute of money, she knew not what to do for the best. It is true she accompanied Louisa to the house of William Parr, but the unpleasantness of being dependent upon the bounty of a stranger,

and her anxiety about Charles, increased every day, and she begged Louisa to use her utmost interest among her friends to procure her an opportunity of going to France. Her request was just, and Louisa could not refuse it, notwithstanding the grief she felt at parting with her; besides, not being in her own house, she could not properly detain her longer. After making many enquiries, William at length learnt that a German princess, going on a tour, intended passing through France; he gained admittance to her, and represented Eugenia, and her great desire of returning to France, in such favourable colours, that the princess at last said she should be happy to take charge of her to Paris. Eugenia bade a sorrowful adieu to her friend Louisa, repaired to the palace, and was soon on her road to France.

As soon as she arrived at Paris, Eugenia hastened to the house to which she had addressed her brother's letters; but what was her despair when she learnt that Charles and Duffel were gone to Italy? "To Italy!" exclaimed she, bursting into tears, "without writing me word! oh, cruel Charles!" Quite stupified with grief, she suffered the princess's woman, who

accompanied her, to conduct her back to their hotel. The princess offered to take her with her on her travels, but Eugenia, who thought that she could easily gain admittance to her uncle, or some of her relations, declined her kind offer. The princess, however, nobly performed the promise she made to William Parr: sending for the landlady of the house in which Charles and his friend had lodged, she placed Eugenia in her hands, recommended her strongly to her protection, and gave her a sum of money to defray the expences of her support. Eugenia was accordingly established in the house of Madame Bisson; and, on making enquiries the next day, she learnt that her uncle, the Marshal de Frèze, was still with the army in Spain, and, in her efforts to discover her other relations, she was not more fortunate than Charles. Her embarrassment was extreme; what was to become of her she knew not; and Madame Bisson, discovering her destitute condition, already began to treat her with less respect, and, in the course of a week, plainly told her that she must do something for herself, for a lady of rank she should fancy had too much pride to be living at the expence of other people." Eugenia listened in silence; her

cheek burned with shame, and her heart swelled almost to bursting. Madame Bisson lost no opportunity of mortifying her; she informed every one who would listen to her of Eugenia's distress; and some jested at, while others pitied, her sorrows.

There lodged in the same house a kind-hearted good lady, who lived with her daughter upon a small annuity of 1200 francs, allowed to her by her late husband's family. Madame Elvang was a woman of education, and joined a refined delicacy to great good sense; she saw and pitied Eugenia's sufferings, and tried to alleviate them as much as lay in her power. "Mademoiselle," said she one day, when Madame Bisson had been treating Eugenia very harshly, "I have a frugal table, and two small beds; if you will share them with my daughter and me, you will give me great pleasure: the offer is not brilliant, but I assure you it is made with sincerity." "And I accept it most gratefully, madam," said Eugenia, pressing her hand, her eyes full of tears, "I trust that I may some day be so fortunate as to have it in my power to prove my gratitude."

On the same day she took up her abode with Madame Elvang, delighted at being released from the malicious and cruel mockery of Madame

Bisson. Madame Elvang's daughter was in her sixth year, she was a very amiable child, and Eugenia, much pleased with her, promised to give her lessons in the languages and drawing. When evening came, the little Rosina said her prayers, and, before going to bed, knelt down, and, joining her little hands, asked her mother's blessing. Eugenia started; the recollection of her father's benediction crossed her mind, and, moved by an irresistible impulse, she knelt down by Rosina's side, and received Madame Elvang's blessing also. When the little girl was gone to bed, Eugenia related to her friend the history of herself and her brother, dwelling particularly upon the death of her unhappy father, and on the blessing which he had given them. "You perceive the fruits of his blessing," said Madame Elvang, "you have passed safely through the greatest dangers, and you have always had the good fortune to fall into the hands of people who have treated you well. I have the greatest confidence in the blessing of a parent, and have accustomed my child to ask mine every evening ever since she could speak: it is the reward of good behaviour during the day, and when, for any serious fault, I withhold it, she is much afflicted."

Madame Elvang had a neighbour, an elderly maiden lady of good family, who, being reduced by misfortune, supported herself by teaching music. Mademoiselle le Coulvreux was a very amiable, and, at the same time, a very superior woman: her interesting and varied conversation gave general pleasure. Eugenia admired her, and became much attached to her; her time, when not devoted to Madame Elvang, was passed at music with Mademoiselle le Coulvreux: however, Eugenia forgot not that, in her situation, she had duties to fulfil, and, while continuing her enquiries after her family, she acquitted herself so as to acquire the sincere affection of Madame Elvang and the praises of Mademoiselle le Coulvreux.

Affairs were in this state, when poor Eugenia was again subjected to a severe trial, and left destitute, by the loss of her benefactress. Madame Elvang was about to quit the house of Madame Bisson, when a severe cold which she caught brought on a fever, and, after lingering some weeks, she died. One of her relations took charge of Rosina, and Eugenia was once more thrown upon the world. Always fortunate in her greatest misfortunes, she found a kind friend in Mademoiselle le Coulvreux, who pro-

posed she should live with her, if she could support the dulness of being the greater part of the day alone. Eugenia, had she not been distressed, would have preferred this asylum to many others, but, in her present state, she felt most grateful for the offer. Their arrangements were soon made, but Mademoiselle le Coulvreux, thinking it necessary to change her residence, they removed to another part of the city.

The increase of expence which Eugenia occasioned in the little household inconvenienced her benefactress, and Eugenia perceived it. Her pride was wounded by the discovery, and, as soon as they were settled in their new abode, she begged her friend to procure her the means of earning something, however trifling. Mademoiselle le Coulvreux was much pleased, and applauded her desire: in compliance with it she taught her to copy music, and, in a fortnight, the intelligent and docile pupil equalled her instructress. Eugenia soon had as much employment as she could manage; she also painted small pictures, which her friend disposed of; so that, instead of being a burden to her, she enabled them both to live much more at ease.

One evening, when Mademoiselle le Coulvreux returned home, after being absent all day giving

lessons, she informed Eugenia that wherever she had been she heard the praises of a picture exhibited in David's painting-room, said to be the production of a young man of eighteen or nineteen years of age. Eugenia, being an amateur, expressed a great wish to see it, and Mademoiselle took her the next day to David's. The room was crowded to excess, the picture was the object of general admiration. On entering, Eugenia heard somebody enquire the subject of it: "It is the Paternal Benediction" was the reply. The name thrilled through Eugenia; she pushed her way through the crowd, and approached: but who can describe her feelings when, in the principal figure, she recognised her own father? she thought her sight deceived her; she looked again; it must be so; and, in the two children who knelt to receive his blessing, she perceived her brother and herself. Her emotion was so great that she was near fainting, unable to bear the agonising suspense: she suddenly remembered the portrait which she always carried about her, and, drawing it hastily from her bosom, she was no longer in doubt. Elated with joy, she put the portrait into her friend's hands, and pointed to the picture; her hopes shone forth in her eyes, but the fear of seeing

them vanish prevented her from speaking. Mademoiselle le Coulvreux, more composed, asked the name of the painter: "He is a young man just returned from Italy," was the reply: "he is known only by the name of Charles." "Charles!" half screamed Eugenia: "oh happiness! it is—it is—my brother!" and she fell, devoid of sensation, into the arms of her friend. The young painter was in the room; concealed in the crowd, he collected the different opinions on his picture, that he might profit by them as by a lesson; he observed the tumult, and that every one was flocking to one spot; some words which reached his ear excited his astonishment and interest, and, making his way through the people, he reached the lady who had fainted, and recognised his sister: "Eugenia! my sister!" cried he, catching her in his arms: "how? by what blessed chance do I recover thee?" Tears of joy ran down his cheeks; he pressed and kissed the hands of his dear Eugenia, without perceiving that the crowd, which increased every moment, intercepted the air, and prevented her breathing freely. On opening her eyes, and beholding Charles, the colour returned to her cheeks, and, faintly smiling and pressing his hand, she murmured "What happiness!"

"Yes," repeated Charles, "thrice happy day which has restored me to my beloved sister!" Charles at length perceived that the room they were in was by no means a proper place for such a scene, though their joy had been sincerely shared by the beholders; therefore, taking the arm of Eugenia and Mademoiselle Coulvreux, they retired to the house of the latter, and there related the misfortunes which had befallen them both since their separation, with all of which we are acquainted, particularly with those of Charles, whom we left at Rome, impatient to return to France as soon as his friend's health was sufficiently re-established. Duffel, perceiving his anxiety, hastened their departure, and, in a week after, they were in Paris.

On their arrival, they proceeded to the house of their former landlady, but she had removed, and, as there were no longer any apartments for them, they took lodgings at another part of the town. In the evening of the same day, as they were refreshing themselves at a coffee-house, a tall handsome young man in uniform entered, and sat down at one of the tables. "That is Edward, the son of the Marshal de Frèze," said a gentleman to another who was standing near them. Charles was startled at the name,

but, making a sign to his friend, he whispered, "Say not a word, Duffel: I have a project in my head which I will impart to you bye and bye." Our hero wished to make himself known to his family in an advantageous manner, and to prove to them that it was not misfortune which induced him to discover himself, since he possessed in his talents an ample resource against the reverses of fortune. As soon as he had seen his uncle he intended to proceed into Germany, but he first wished to prepare the way for Eugenia.

Charles soon became acquainted with Edward, which was not difficult, for nobody could be more frank and easy of access than was this young man; they were mutually pleased, they met often, and had a great deal of conversation. Charles learnt from Edward that his father was almost always with the army, but that at present he was in Paris for a short time, that he was himself aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, and had entered the army as soon as he left school; his mother was dead, but he had a sister named Aglae, of whom he spoke with the greatest enthusiasm. These circumstances were lightly imparted, but Charles treasured them in his heart.

Duffel obtained from his master David permission to hang up his friend's picture in his painting room; Edward heard with pleasure the praises which it called forth, he spoke of it to his father with all the ardour of friendship, and begged leave to introduce to him the young artist. The Marshal, who loved his son, and was satisfied of the worthiness of the object, gave a ready consent, and Edward taking an early opportunity of going to Charles, requested that he would accompany him home, that he might have the pleasure of presenting him to his father, who felt a strong desire to become acquainted with him. Charles had now reached the height of his wishes, his talents, industry, and good conduct, had procured him fame, and thus his first introduction to his family was the result of his own merit; concealing, however, his delight, he appeared rather to yield to the wishes of his friend, and accompanied him to the marshal.

The agitation of his mind gave an additional interest to his countenance, and the marshal, surprised at his own emotions, attributed the lively interest with which he inspired him to his agreeable manners and handsome person. He stayed to dinner, and after the domestics had retired,

M. de Frèze, unable longer to repress his curiosity, enquired in what part of France he was born.

"In Paris, sir," was Charles's reply.

"Doubtless your father was a painter?"

"No, sir, he was not; he was in the army."

"In the army! Is he living?"

"No, sir, I have had the misfortune to lose him."

"Who then has been your instructor, and cultivated your talents so highly?"

"Kind friends; an orphan, left destitute in a strange country, with a sister four years younger than myself, we owe our instruction and every thing we possess to the kindness of strangers!"

The marshal felt his interest increase. "Left destitute!" exclaimed he, "how? left destitute?"

"Yes, sir, my father died in Germany."

"In Germany!" interrupted M. de Frèze, "how? when? in what year?"

"In 1803."

The marshal made a movement of surprise, but, considering that what he desired to know required a more strict examination than he could then enter into, he checked it, and rising, led the way to the drawing-room. On entering, he

Our readers will not, perhaps, be surprised to hear, that some months after, Eugenia gave her hand to Edward, and Charles became the husband of Aglae. Duffel, Charles's dearest friend, sufficiently successful to live in independence, desired to complete his happiness by taking a companion for life. He had not forgotten the modest Louisa, and wrote to William Parr, to know if Mademoiselle Waldsée was still disengaged; the quaker's answer being favourable, he hastened to Germany, whence he soon returned with his beloved wife.

These three families lived near each other in complete union, mutually contributing to each other's enjoyment. Duffel's happiness was soon increased by the birth of a fine boy, to whom Charles and Eugenia were the sponsors, and charged themselves with his advancement in life, to repay, in part, if possible, the obligations they were under to his father and mother. Mademoiselle le Coulvreux lived with Eugenia independent and happy, and thus received the just reward of her humanity.

FINIS.

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